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Caroline P. Fry -

with her Aunt

H. J. Fry's dear love.

9 Nov. 1859.

Juliet Caroline Barclay

1876.-



ECHOES OF ETERNITY.



Have, not we too ? yes we have,
Answers, and we know not whence,
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence !

Such rebounds our inmost ear
Catches sometimes from afar,
Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;
For of God—of God they are.

WORDSWORTH.



ECHOES

OF

ETERNITY

BY

HENRIETTA J. FRY.

J. A. B. 1874

BATH.

BINNS & GOODWIN

ORRIN SMITH



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ECHOES OF ETERNITY.

BY HENRIETTA J. FRY.

AUTHOR OF THE PASTOR'S LEGACY; HYMNS OF THE REFORMATION, ETC.

"Time flies very fast; yet a little while and there will remain
nothing but certainties, realities, and eternity."

J. C. RYLE.

BATH:
BINNS AND GOODWIN.

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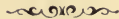
LOAN STACK

~~445F~~



"OH ETERNITY! ETERNITY!

HOW SWEET IS ETERNITY!"



PREFATORY NOTE.

Most of these translations, which are from German originals, were made several years ago, and before the writer had met with anything of the kind from other pens. The few pieces from Melancthon which have been introduced, are taken from a small volume of Latin poems bearing his name, and published at Wittenberg in 1560. In translating these the writer has availed herself of the assistance of a friend, which she has pleasure in acknowledging here.

The expression of a dying Christian, which is given at the back of the title-page, was uttered by a man in very humble circumstances, named Barker, who died at Tewkesbury a few years ago. His night-watcher heard him ejaculate to himself, just before he passed away, "Oh Eternity! Eternity! how sweet is Eternity!"—with him the work of conversion to Christ had not been left for a dying pillow.

HEAVEN.

O who will show me those delights on high ?

Echo.

I.

Thou, Echo ? thou art mortal, all men know.

Echo.

No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?

Echo.

Leaves.

And are there any leaves that still abide ?

Echo.

Bide.

What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.

Echo.

Holy.

Are holy leaves the echo then of bliss ?

Echo.

Yes.

Then tell me, what is that supreme delight ?

Echo.

Light.

Light to the mind ; what shall the will enjoy ?

Echo.

Joy.

But are there cares and business with the pleasure ?

Echo.

Leisure.

Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere ?

Echo.

Ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PREFACE.

A few words may suffice to explain, and if need be, to apologize for this little work. The translations have been carefully revised; and the writer hopes that they are generally faithful renderings from their originals, with this alloy, at the best—that an idea is apt to lose its fairest bloom by the touch of the translator.

The hymns are followed by passages from various authors of different habits of thought, and of different ages, which have appeared to harmonize with them; and is there not something very interesting in these coincidences of the human intellect, that amidst the infinite variety of things, and of the emotions of the minds of men, our understandings should so often

come to the same point—that independent thinkers often present us with the same idea, with the same utterance of that idea, and sometimes even with the same words? And yet this is not strange,—for whatever be the fluctuations of the world around us, and whatever the apparent diversities of life, human nature is, in its essence, one and the same; and all that there is of truth in our fallen humanity, is but the reflection of His voice who is the Truth, and who changes not. He speaks to us alike in nature, in revelation, and in the depths of our own souls; so that age after age repeating the same eternal verities, seems like the long-resounding echoes of One Voice amid the eternal hills.

BRISTOL, 1859.

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ECHOES OF ETERNITY.

Morning.

"MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING, O LORD; IN THE MORNING WILL I DIRECT MY PRAYER UNTO THEE, AND WILL LOOK UP."—PSALM V. 3.

Lo! in the east the golden morn appearing,
Kindles high heaven;
The world that night had covered with her mantle,
To sight is given,
Lit up by the gay sunshine—which illumines
Each woodland, vale, and mountain as they sleep—
And soft seclusion keep,
Where in a bed of pillowy clouds they lie,
Till glittering they stand forth beneath the sun's clear eye.

Thus Jesus, to my heart
Thy light and joy impart,
Thou Sun of my dark being! waken there
The bright and cheering ray
Of Thy own perfect day,
With all its heavenly radiance blest and fair.

Reveal each secret thing
Of this polluted heart's imagining,
This heart of mine
Which should an impress be
Thou gracious Lord, of Thee,
And in the likeness of Thy glory shine.

Oh let me walk this day encircled round
With thy pure light,
Warmed with thy love to compass duty's bound
Before Thy sight,
And as a creature of new life would I
My soul engage
With new devoted powers to consecrate
My pilgrimage ;
Whilst for this gift of new-born life I raise
Creator of its breath to Thee the song of praise !

I ask not an exemption from the ill
Which each day brings,—
No, but for love to bear it, and for faith
Whose virtue flings
A sanctifying charm o'er all terrestrial things,
Since to Thy own dear hand each good I owe
And to Thy heart
Which rich in blessing, makes my cup with blessings flow.

I ask not outward calm—
 Only Thy will,
And that a childlike spirit may be mine,
 Serene and still ;
That when the world comes in with swelling tide
 My soul to move,
Thy own adopted one, I may abide
 Safe in Thy love :
Thus, lift my heart from earth to Thee and heaven above.

I ask not—give me Lord a quick release
 When griefs oppress ;
No, but be Thou my peace amid the strife
 Of earth's distress ;
I ask not—give me to inherit soon
 Thy kingdom Lord !
No, but before this breath
 Shall be consumed in death,
Let sin itself within my being die,
Struck by Thy mighty arm, which gives the victory.

Sun of my morning hours ! let not Thy beams
 Greet me this day in vain ;
But oh, be Thou my light oft as I tread
 Where shades of darkness reign ;
Shine down upon my Spirit and bestow
Salvation, health and holy ecstasy—

So that on earth my pilgrim journey done—
 I may behold with joy my evening's setting sun !

SPITTA.

Rising, to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Thee, may I publish all day long,
 And let thy precious word of grace
 Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,
 Fill all my life with purest love,
 And join me to thy church above.

WESLEY.

I will begin here also with the beginning of time, the morning :
 * * retire your mind into a pure silence from all thoughts and ideas of worldly things ; and in that frame wait upon God, to feel his good presence, to lift up your hearts to Him, and commit your whole self into his blessed care and protection : * * * read a chapter or more in the Scriptures, and afterwards dispose yourselves for the business of the day ; ever remembering that God is present, the Overseer of all your thoughts, words and actions ; and demean yourselves my dear children, accordingly ; and do not you dare to do that, in his holy, all-seeing presence, which you would be ashamed a man, yea a child, should see you do. And as you have intervals from your lawful occasions, delight to step home, within yourselves I mean, and commune with your own hearts, and be still ; and " One like the Son of God " you shall find and enjoy with you and in you ; a treasure the world knows not of ; but is the aim, end and diadem of the children of God. This will bear you up against all temptations, and carry you sweetly and evenly through your day's business ; supporting you under disappointments, and moderating your satisfaction in success and prosperity.

WILLIAM PENN.

Two things are required to begin a christian man—the first is a steadfast faith, or trust in Almighty God—to obtain all the mercy that he hath promised us through the deserving and merits of Christ's blood only, without all respect to our own works ;—and the other is that we forsake evil and turn to God to keep his laws, and to fight against ourselves and our corrupt nature perpetually, that we may do the will of God every day better and better.

WILLIAM TINDAL.

My soul! take down thy harp from the willow; and now the night is past, let the first of the morn find thee going forth in the matin of praise to the Chief Singer. God the Holy Ghost is exciting thee, it is He which points to Jesus. He shews thee the King in his beauty, and bids thee behold his suitableness, transcendant excellences, grace, lovê, favour, glory. Carry, then, all thy concerns to this Chief Musician. Put forth all thy strength to praise Him, that while Jesus is attentive to the Hallelujahs of Heaven, he may hear thy feeble note, amidst all the songs which are offered Him, giving glory to his great name, from the uttermost parts of the earth.

DR. HAWKER.

Evening.

"BUT THEY CONSTRAINED HIM, SAYING, ABIDE WITH US; FOR IT IS TOWARD EVENING, AND THE DAY IS FAR SPENT. AND HE WENT IN TO TARRY WITH THEM."—
LUKE XXIV. 29.

OH Lord ! Thy presence through the day's distractions
Has made them light ;
Stay with me when the evening closes round me
And ushers night.
As in the day with strength my soul sustaining
Thou tarriedst here,
So in the quiet of the evening watches
Do Thou draw near ;
Companion of my hours with toil opprest,—
Abide Thou with me in my hours of rest !

Alone with Thee my God ! and all apart
From worldling's noise,
Within my closet's sheltered privacy
I list Thy voice
With tutored ear ;
Speak Thou an evening blessing to my heart
That waits on thee,

Thy word of blessing has the power to bless
Benignantly;
It falls like rain upon the thirsty soul
When tired with day's turmoil we seek its soft control.

Without Thee oh my God, the evening's fall
Is chill and lone,
But with Thee 'tis a sacred festival
Of loftiest tone ;
Whilst with Thy heart-refreshing solace crowned
I take my fill
Of blessings, which by Thy kind bounty given,
Their sweets distil :
When Thou art with me at the day's decline,
Then does each earthly good with heavenly lustre shine.

At hush of day come Thou rich visitant
My guest to be,
Oh come and make Thy own abiding home
Good Lord with me!
From this past day's offences Thou canst give
A full release,—
Salvation's cup and the sweet balm of health
And joy and peace :
Then let me find reposing on Thy breast,
Beneath the night's brown shade, a soft and sacred rest.

SPITTA.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

WESLEY.

The evening come, read again the Holy Scripture, and have your times of retirement as in the morning, that so the Lord may be the Alpha and Omega of every day of your lives.

WILLIAM PENN.

In the solitary retirement of a garden, how delightful was the expanse studded with stars and the gentle moonlight to my soul!—There seemed something in me in fearful contrast to this sweetly solemn scene, which singled me out amidst it all, as the only piece of *sin* there; and how emphatically did this word belong to that piece. A Mediator was indeed precious, and it was the only idea which emboldened me at that moment to cry ‘Abba Father.’ The impressions and feelings of that short hour I ardently wished might continue with me all the remainder of my pilgrimage.—Oh that I may frequently recall this balmy night of exquisite celestiaity, which seemed as if only fit for the participation of freed spirits, freed from corruption and mortality. Lord, it was good to be there, for I found Thee whom my soul best loveth.

MEMORIALS OF TWO SISTERS.

Behold what manner of Love !

BEHOLD the Father's love !
He makes His goodness plain,
Whilst bending down His face on us,
His mild compassions reign.
His well-beloved Son He gives,
By whom the ransomed sinner lives ;
See heaven's best treasure given to save
The vilest abject from the grave !
Again behold the Father's love
Which shines upon us from above !

Look on the Saviour's love,
Deep in His breast that flowed !
He freely suffered all for us
That we might come to God.
Upon the cross extended see,
He bears that woeful agony !
He pours the life-blood from His veins
To wash away our guilty stains :
Again, the Saviour's love behold !
A love by mortal lips untold.

See too the precious love
The Holy Ghost displays,
Whilst to the vilest of the vile,
He teaches wisdom's ways !
He chides and counsels—and His voice
Of comfort, bids the heart rejoice :
Thus ever in our inmost ear,
He speaks in whispers soft and clear ;
Who would not praise then, love like this
Full in its three-fold plenteousness !

SPITTA.

The Father, shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete ;
And lo ! we fall before His feet
And silence heightens heaven.

WESLEY.

The universal King
Let all the world proclaim ;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name !
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity !

WESLEY.

The doctrine of the Trinity is to the Christian the key of the Bible. The Spirit imparting skill to use it, and the power; when used, it unlocks this divine arcana of mysteries, and throws open every door in the blest sanctuary of truth. But it is in the light of *salvation* that its fitness and beauty most distinctly appears—salvation in which Jehovah appears so inimitably glorious—so like Himself. The Father's love appears in sending His Son; the Son's love in undertaking the work; the Holy Spirit's love in applying the work. And in the manner of *prayer*, how sustaining to faith, and how soothing to the mind, when we can embrace in our ascending petitions, the blessed Three in One. For through Him (the Son) we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

DR. WINSLOW.

The Farewell.

"THEN PAUL ANSWERED, WHAT MEAN YE TO WEEP AND TO BREAK MINE HEART?"—ACTS XXI. 13.

WHAT mean ye thus those tears to weep?
To weep and break mine heart;
In Jesu's brotherhood we meet
And never more shall part.

The bond that binds our spirits here
No time or place can sever;—
That which is stablished in the Lord
Stands fast in Him for ever.

We give the hand of friendship firm
As men are wont to do;
With promise of eternal faith
And hearts for ever true.

We look on loved companions—
We deem that look our last,—
But surely, Jesus round our souls,
His mantling love hath cast.

With mortal men 'tis "here and there,"
 "Thou goest," and "I stay,"
But when united in our Head
 All bounds of place give way.

We talk of separations,
 Once more a kind adieu,
Whilst still we travel one same road
 With one same home in view.

Then why should grief our hearts distress,
 And tears of sorrow flow?
We know our soul's Beloved One,
 And at His side we go.

Beneath the same kind Guardian,
 And led by one same hand,
By one same path of safety still,
 We gain one Father-land.

Then let not sorrow shade the hour
 As parting moments fly,
But let new covenant with Christ
 Our Spirit's theme supply.

When Jesus is our chosen good,
 The joy that crowns each heart,
We are not to each other lost
 When thus on earth we part.

Those who are united to the Saviour, when once a friendship is formed, can never part. They may indeed, be at a distance, still they are one in Him ; one Father loves them, one Saviour blesses them, one Spirit smiles on them. They meet before the same mercy-seat, they travel the same road, and though their tents may be pitched for a season in different parts, they live in the blessed hope of finally assembling around the same Throne, singing the same song, and for ever enjoying the same inheritance. Could we but keep that day in view, temporary partings would only make us more earnestly desire eternal union. May it be your privilege to live always realizing this blessed hope.

J. HALDANE STEWART.

How gladly would we have travelled together through the wilderness, but it might not be ; still the same guide is vouchsafed to both, and he will lead us by a right way—for this is our assurance, ‘the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.’

PARTING GIFT.

What very great delight there is in the society of those whose society is in heaven, and how delightful is the love of those who first love God ! I have often gone to you lately, and have highly enjoyed our intercourse ; and also I have frequently been hoping for good and pleasure, when my heart has been sadly depressed and distracted. Then I have always felt that the best society of those we most fondly love can give us no real pleasure, unless God accompanies us into their company, any more than a beautiful landscape can delight when there is no sun to gild it. And I have sometimes left you, bitterly feeling deep remorse for my folly, in endeavouring, or expecting to find pleasure in anything whilst my heart felt separated from God.

M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

On the Psalms of David.

IF any reverence for God affects thy pure mind, and thou dost with honour due worship the name of Christ,—if thy mind is used to contemplate the fountain from which all things flow, and that Divine Intelligence which rules and preserves the universe,—then, my son, ponder well these his venerable oracles, which erst were sounded forth from the harp of the son of Jesse: for even as the glory of God was beheld by Moses through the cleft of the rock, so also, believe me, my son, is it displayed in these songs.

MELANCTHON.

And now could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading the following exposition, which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as the morning to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it: and he can truly say that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon

his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last ; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent on these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and move swiftly and smoothly along : for when thus engaged he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.

BISHOP HORNE

De tous les prophètes, celui qui nous est le plus connu, c'est David, dont l'histoire nous est rapportée avec le plus de développement. L'objet capital de la mission que David a reçu de Dieu, pour toutes les générations dans l'Eglise, c'est la composition des Psaumes. Voyez les prières d'un David, les Psaumes, des prières qui ont été capables, non-seulement de le soutenir lui-même, mais qui sont comme les cent cinquante colonnes qui soutiennent de génération en génération, et qui soutiendront jusqu'à la fin du monde, toutes les générations du peuple de Dieu !

ADOLPHE MONOD.

Home Sickness.

"FOR WE KNOW THAT IF OUR EARTHLY HOUSE OF THIS TABERNACLE WERE DISSOLVED, WE HAVE A BUILDING OF GOD, A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS, ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS."—2. COR. V. 1.

HUNGERING, thirsting as we go
On our fainting course below,
Where the world's commotion seems
Genius of our waking dreams,
All our yearning spirits move
Towards our Father's house above.

Here we walk in pilgrim dress
Tattered by the wilderness,
And the very shoes we wear
Chafe the weary passenger.

Let us hasten then to rise
To our mansion in the skies,
To the Saviour's home above,
Purchased by His dying love ;
Shades of earth shall then depart,
And in every stricken heart
Pain shall heave her latest sigh
As we drop mortality.

There, a clean escape from sin
Disembodied souls shall win,
And the Lord, enthroned on high,
In unclouded majesty,
They shall worship—whilst they wait
Serving on his regal state,
And with angel bands agree
In devoted harmony.

But with what a long delay
Dost thou Lord thy purpose stay !
And our earth-bound souls in vain,
Seek the heavenly heights to gain.
O then help us, make us meet
To enjoy that blissful seat,
Where thy children, victor-crowned,
Shall their victor-songs resound,
Where the banquet of Thy love
Shall their sweet refreshment prove,
And their ransomed spirits be
Ever, gracious Lord, with Thee !

SPITTA.

There are blessed moments, in which the soul, by converse with Christ and His eternal kingdom, has such views, that the whole world below seems but one noisy impertinence. I heard somebody at such a moment, come in and discourse gravely on the news about Buonaparte. It then seemed too trifling to be thought

of; but I know that to-morrow I shall be asking after Buonaparte.
Blessed moment, (not far off,) when I shall behold *His* Glory!

And flesh and sin no more control,
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

RICHARD CECIL.

We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle sink below
In ruinous decay;
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

Absent alas! from God,
We in the body mourn;
And pine to quit this mean abode
And languish to return:
Jesus! regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight,
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light!

WESLEY.

It is from the sides of eternity I now address you. I am heartily sorry that I have so little strength to write what I long so much to communicate to you. But let me tell you, my brother, eternity is another thing than we ordinarily take it to be in a healthful state. Oh! how vast and boundless. Oh, how fixed and unalterable! Oh, of what infinite importance is it that we be

prepared for eternity! I have been just a dying, now for more than a week, and all around me have thought me so; but in this time I have had clear views of eternity, have seen the blessedness of the godly in some measure, and have longed to share their happy state, as well as been comfortably satisfied, that through grace I shall do so.

D. BRAINERD.

His breathing being difficult, he said, "It is labour, but not sorrow. O! deliver me, if consistent with thy blessed will. I am in the hands of a merciful God—take me. I can give up all in this world. Mercy! Mercy! Oh! come, come, blessed Jesus, if it is consistent with thy blessed will." "O! for patience!" he exclaimed; "O! for a little help to be preserved in patience;" adding, after some further expression, "But surely mercy is even now covering the judgment-seat as to a hair's breadth." A hope was expressed to him, that although the body was brought very low, the mind was anchored on the unfailing rock; he promptly replied, "O yes:—if it were not so, what should I now do, or what would now become of me? Ah! truly, I am a poor creature every way, wholly dependant upon the mercy of my Redeemer; and if He do but permit the pearl gates to be so far opened, that I may be admitted within them, it will be enough. O! I see the goodly land before me, and the glorious journey thither, but I am not yet permitted to enter it. It is indeed a beautiful prospect, as clear to the eye of my soul as any outward object to the natural sight." He then exclaimed, "O the love of my Redeemer, how sweet it is. May my latest breath be engaged in singing His praises." He further observed, that he had no works or merit of his own to carry with him on that beautiful road, nor any claim to prefer at the pearl gates, but the love and

mercy of that Saviour, who shed His precious blood for him.

* * He quietly passed away from time to eternity, on the 12th of the 6th month, 1836, aged about eighty-two years.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS SHILLITOE,

A Minister of the Society of Friends.

Dr. Shirley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, was while travelling, attacked with the disease which terminated his life. During his short illness he said to his wife—"O! M., I have had during this illness, such an insight into the eternal world, that death seems a mere transition. I believe heaven to be only an expansion of that intense happiness which I am now enjoying in communion with God. Oh! what a bauble is this world, what a mere bubble to be caring about!" When Mrs. Shirley was reading to him, 1 John. 4, he stopped her at the 18th verse, and repeated—"Yes, 'perfect love casteth out fear—he that feareth is not made perfect in love.' I have no little scruples; a child who loves his father is not always thinking whether he is offending him—he does his best to please him, and feels assured of his love. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.'" * * * At eight o'clock, a.m., 21st of April, 1847, after three deep sighs, he exchanged time for eternity.

MEMOIR OF BISHOP SHIRLEY.

We are the Lord's.

"FOR TO THIS END CHRIST BOTH DIED, AND ROSE, AND REVIVED, THAT HE MIGHT BE LORD BOTH OF THE DEAD AND LIVING."—ROMANS XIV. 9.

We are the Lord's, in living or in dying !
We are the Lord's, who once for all men died !
We are the Lord's, and shall all things inherit !
We are the Lord's, who won all things for us !

We are the Lord's ! So let us live unto Him,
His own, with soul and body freely His,
And heart, and mouth, and walk shall bear us witness .
That it is surely true, we are the Lord's !

We are the Lord's ! So in the darksome valley
No shadowing forms shall come, but one clear star
Shall lighten us with its untroubled shining,—
It is that precious word :—we are the Lord's !

We are the Lord's ! So shall He keep and save us
In the last fight, when other help is far ;
No evil shall from death befall our spirit,
That word stands ever true :—we are the Lord's !

SPITTA.

A dream of Mary Fletcher's during her last illness.

She dreamt she was going down a rough road, with a short wall by the side of it, which she leaned upon, and called it the wall of salvation. All the light she had while getting along with difficulty was a twinkling star. She persevered to the end, but then found a mud pond, which when she saw, she thought,—“Well, if this is the way, I'll plunge in;” but while she was intending to do so, in a moment of time, the twinkling star became a bright comet, and by the blazing light it gave, she discovered a clear narrow path, by which she was instantly over, she hardly knew how. In relating this to a friend, she said, “I am going down the rough road, this illness has been a long and painful one, but I lean upon the wall of salvation, and the comet *will* come.

The following passage is from the Memoir of Richard Foster, a Minister of the Society of Friends.

His decline was gradual, but his bodily sufferings were often great; he was however strengthened to sustain them unrepiningly; his heart overflowed with love, and as he drew near the close of all on earth, his spirit seemed to be irradiated from the unseen world; for on its being remarked that he was passing through the *dark valley*, he replied “It is not dark to me; I see a bright light beyond it.” When asked if he felt happy, he exclaimed “Happy beyond conception.” Again, “Is this dying? glory, glory!” and thus through that faith in Jesus, which giveth the victory, he triumphantly passed away, on the 24th of fifth month, 1858.

In reference to my outward affairs, having set my house in order I am waiting, sensible of the approach of death; having no desire after life, enjoying the satisfaction that I shall leave my children

in an orderly way, and having less need of me, than when things were less contracted and settled. I feel that death is a king of terrors, and know that my strength to triumph over him, must be given me by the Lord, at the very season when the trying time cometh. My sight to-day of things beyond the grave, will be insufficient in that hour, to keep me from the sting of death when he comes. It is the Lord alone who will then stand by me, and help me to resist the evil one, who is very busy when the tabernacle is dissolving, his work being at an end when the earthen vessel is broken. O Lord, what quiet, safety, or ease is there in any state but that wherein we feel thy living power: all desirable things are in this.

MARY PENNINGTON.

The Appearing of Christ.

"WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY REJOICED WITH EXCEEDING GREAT JOY."—MATT. II. 10.

THOU who in the night of death
Didst with purest radiance shine,
Lord Redeemer!
Pouring in Thy light divine:
Thee, in Herod's hall of state,
Thee I sought, and sought in vain;
Pomp and glitter round him sate,
Lust and luxury held their reign,—
But my spirit turned to Thee
In its deep-felt poverty;
And my yet unquiet breast
Longed to find in Thee its rest.

Thence I wandered—seeking still,
Where my gracious Lord might dwell;
Reason's venerated lore
Impress none of Jesus bore;
Nor upon the worldly wise
Did the star of Jacob rise.

Truly as the blind they spoke
Of the light whose glorious ray
From their dark horizon broke
To ascend its heaven-ward way ;
And with them I failed to find
The Redeemer of mankind.

In the Temple's sacred bound,
Where upon the altar, glowed
Fire of incense
To perfume the courts of God,—
Where in gorgeous pomp arrayed
Pure devotion seemed to smile,—
Where the glittering lights displayed
Charms to dazzle and beguile ;
Symbols of Himself I found
Shadowed forth in all around,
But in that majestic fane
Christ my Lord I sought in vain ;
And as there I found him not,
So Jerusalem, in thee,
In thy every hallowed spot
Nought of Jesus could I see ;
Then I took my onward way
Where the plains of Bethlehem lay.
Here, in silence and alone,
Her deserted streets I trod,

Brother-wanderer was there none
Who could guide me to my God :
When, behold ! with sweet surprise,
In the heavens a radiant star,
Shining in the upper skies,
Greets my vision from afar,—
Seeking thus with faith divine,
Lo, at length the Saviour mine !

Only seek, and thou shalt find
Jesus as thy all in all ;
Be not thou of faltering mind,
Lét not toilsome ways appal,
Nor thy soul's supreme desire
Born from heaven, in earth expire.
Simply following, full of faith,
Free from reason's doubtful strife,
Take possession of the word,
Word of promise, word of life ;
Heaven's effulgence then shall shine,
And its guiding star be thine.

SPITTA.

And if a man be unwise and unrighteous, his offerings are unhallowed, and his sacrifices unholy things ; and his prayers are discordant and capable of nothing but perdition ; and even when they seem to be offered, they work not the remission, but the

remembrance of sins. But if he be holy and righteous, his sacrifice remains stedfast, whether flesh be offered, but still more if no victim at all be brought. For what is the true sacrifice but the worship of the soul which loves God? whose thanksgiving remaineth for ever, and is inscribed as a memorial with God—doing Him service with the sun, and with the moon, and with the whole creation.

PHILO.

I rose, and round the city rang'd, in vain,
For He was not among the busy train :—
What place is left unransacked ? Oh where next
Shall I go seek the author of my rest ?
Of what bless'd angel shall my lips inquire
The undiscovered way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my heart's desire !

I reach'd this glorious city ; he's not here :
I sought the country ; she stands empty-handed ;
I searched the court ; he is a stranger there :
I asked the land ; he's shipped : the sea ; he's landed.

Ev'n whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was sought, unfound, was found, unsought,
As if the sun should dart his orb of light
Into the secrets of the black-browed night :
Ev'n so appeared my love, my sole, my soul's delight.

QUARLES.

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In Heaven, at his manor I him sought :
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight returned, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts :
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts ;
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of thieves and murderers : there I him espied,
Who straight, " Your suit is granted " said, and died.

HERBERT.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One Star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

KIRKE WHITE.

On the Setting Sun.

"THE SUN ALSO ARISETH, AND THE SUN GOETH DOWN, AND HASTETH TO HIS PLACE WHERE HE AROSE."—ECCLES. I. 5.

WHAT gorgeous hues of light combine
And wait on yonder sun's decline,
As now his softened lustre sheds
Life, joy and blessing on our heads,
And eye and soul and sense agree
In one delightful sympathy !
No longer, Lord, our dazzled sight
Adoring, tracks that orb of light ;
He sinks behind the mountain's brow
Which shines with golden margin now,
And in vermilion tints are dyed
The lofty hills the landscape wide.

And is he set ? so sink away
When He who rules the king of day,
Speaks by His nod—so then decline
The glories that around us shine,
The worldly pomp, the lordly might,
Exchanged for dust and glooms of night.

Yes he is set ; and distant far
From us hath flown his radiant car ;—
The light that bless'd our eastern skies
Is gone on far-off lands to rise ;
To them the new-born day he brings,
Whilst thousands praise Thee, King of Kings,
Friend of mankind ! for light benign
By thy kind bounty sent to shine
On children whom thy hand hath strewn
Throughout this earth's remotest zone.

Thou bidd'st the clouds with purple glow,
The blushing hills lie spread below :
Look where those mountain tops appear !
And oh how soft the evening air ;
With life-refreshing breath it comes—
From upland heights, from nature's homes.
But now the glorious landscape wears
A dewy paleness, bathed in tears :
It fades—the beauteous colours fly—
And all its living roses die.

Creator, God ! Thy work are we,
And children of Thy family :
Thou art our light, when over all
Hath darkness spread her shadowing pall ;

Thy mercy gives our eyelids sleep
Whilst Thou dost guardian vigils keep,
And call'st us when refreshed we rise
To hail the morning's golden skies.
Thy teaching voice is understood—
It tells us Lord! that Thou art good;
That Thou the source and centre art
Of every joy that fills the heart,—
And for Thy love, so full, so free,
It asks an answering love to Thee.

LAVATER.

Extract from "Travels in the Holy Land," by Wm. Rae Wilson.

Next morning I set out, and arrived in the evening at Malaga. One custom struck me as remarkable: on entering the town, at the principle promenade, just as the sun was going down, every person who had a few minutes previously, marked the progress of the sun, whether they were pedestrians, on horseback, or in carriages, stood still in a moment, on this glorious luminary disappearing, as if by an immediate impulse, or word of command; when they remained uncovered, the females veiling their faces with their fans, and a devotional soliloquy was repeated by each, expressive of gratitude for mercies received from the God of heaven, during the day.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun!
How glorious and joyful the race that he run!
Though he rose in a mist when his course he begun
And there followed some droppings of rain;

Yet now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauty is best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the christian, his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins—
And melts into tears ;—then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenward way ;
And as he draws nearer, to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

DR. WATTS.

Clear Shining through Tears.

"AND HE SHALL BE AS THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING, WHEN THE SUN RISETH, EVEN A MORNING WITHOUT CLOUDS; AS THE TENDER GRASS SPRINGING OUT OF THE EARTH BY CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN."—2. SAM. XXIII. 4.

Grey clouds are gathering overhead
Their pall of sombre hue,
And still their deepening shades come on
To circle round heaven's blue.

And thou! methinks from thee hath flown
Bright shining of thy skies,
And all thy soul is overcast
With sorrow's sable dyes.

But see! the clouds in showers descend,
And now shines out heaven's blue!
Again 'tis sunshine in thy soul,
Though tears thy cheek bedew!

SPITTA.

I felt a little ray of comfort this morning in these words "My King and my God;" for however tried, however afflicted, however clouded we may be, in this there is indeed hope and consolation, (if it please Almighty loving-kindness to permit us to see it,) even

to feel that the Most High is our King and our God ; that he hath in abundant mercy manifested himself to be so, and that now and then, through the help of our Redeemer, we have been enabled to prove that we have sought to serve him, and desired that He alone should be our King and our God. Dearest, kindest Lord, Thou who hast regarded me, and dispersed many clouds for me, be pleased yet to regard me, whatever be my state, however low I may be brought before Thee, and in thine own time disperse my clouds ; let the sun arise as clear shining after rain.

ELIZABETH FRY.

From the dark chamber where the sick one lay
The sister came : I asked, " Is she no more ?"
No words she spake, but a sweet sunshine o'er
Her parted lips in thankfulness did play ;
And tears that chased the darkness all away
Pour'd from their lucid founts, so dim before,
That blessed rain did all our hearts restore :
And, Oh ! the brightness of that healing ray.

JOHN EAGLES.

The Fulness of Jesus.

"AND OF HIS FULNESS HAVE ALL WE RECEIVED, AND GRACE FOR GRACE."—
JOHN I. 16.

Oh where doth mercy dwell
Which holdeth not the sinner in disdain ?
And where is love
That doth with open arms go forth to meet
The penitent ?
Oh where is sin forgiven, and a veil thrown
Over disgrace and shame ?
And, in despite the terrors death and hell
Would cast around,
The blessing given of everlasting life ?
Be of good courage ! for with Jesus Christ
Such grace in fulness dwells.

Where shall we find a balm to heal our wounds,
A solace for our pain ?
Oh where does wisdom dwell,—and tell me where
Shall the soul void of counsel and of peace,
Her consolation find ?
Oh where resides the power
That renovates the spirit of our minds,

That lifts the fallen ones up
And gives us strength
For life's laborious, undiverted course ?

Whose guardian care
Preserves us that we miss not of our way ?
Take comfort ! for with Jesus Christ we find
Such rich supplies of grace.

Who gives us life to satisfy, and joy
In sorrow's darkening hour,
Whilst in the Providence of God we find
Our soul's supreme content ?
Who gives us childlike trust and lays us down
In a kind father's lap ?
Who doth our vain cares banish ; and permits
That we God's works of wonder should behold ?
Rejoice thyself in this,—
Thy Jesus Christ is of such grace the giver.

Who gives the spirit of a child of God,
With pure humility,
That questions nothing of His holy mind ;
Meekness, that unprovoked, lays at her side
The winged shaft of scorn ;
And love, the gift of grace, that waiting stands
For every service ready ; whose full heart
Holds back no sacrifice,
But can rejoice with them that do rejoice ?

Thank God ! Thy Jesus Christ the giver is
Of graces such as these.

Who makes it gain to die, and so ordains
 We should not look on death ?
And when stripped bare of all things, from this scene
 Of earth we go,
Who makes us heirs of everlasting good ?
 Whose the decree
That yet once more the harvest of this world,
Sown by his hand, shall, through his holy word
 In glory rise
To crown the season of a new-born spring ?
Wake songs of praise ! Thy Jesus Christ bestows
 Such grace as this.

Oh Thou eternal Word ! who unto all
Disposest all things, and who art thyself
 Our all in all,
Since it hath pleased the Father that in Thee
 All fulness dwells,
 Thou hast invited all,
And all may come in near approach to Thee :
How blessed then the soul that can receive,
 And with true sense enjoy
Both what Thou giv'st, and what Thyself Thou art !

SPITTA.

Yes ! there is both balm in Gilead, and a Physician there ! for the blood and righteousness of Jesus is the truest balm : and Jesus himself a Sovereign and an Almighty Physician. But if that blood be not applied, if Jesus be not known nor consulted, how shall health be obtained ? my soul ! hast thou known thy disease, felt thy disorder ; art thou convinced that it is incurable by all human means,—no medicine, no earthly physician can administer relief ? Hast thou known these things ? And convinced of the infinite importance of seeking elsewhere, art thou come to Jesus ? What sayest thou my soul to the inquiry ? Art thou acquainted with Jesus ? Hast thou made known thy case to him ? And hath he told thee all that is in thine heart ? Hath he taken thee under his care ? Is he administering to thee the balm of Gilead ? Oh my soul ! see to it that nothing satisfieth thy mind, until that thou hast heard his soul-reviving voice, saying, I am the Lord that healeth thee. Seek it for thy life, say unto the Son of God—"speak but the word, Lord, and my soul shall be healed."

DR. HAWKER.

Christ is a path if any be misled ;
 He is a robe if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
 If any be a bondsman, He is free ;
 If any be but weak, how strong is He ;
 To dead men, life ; He is to sick men, health ;
 To blind men, sight ; and to the needy, wealth ;
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth !

It ought to be the habit of our souls, as the hours of each day pass over us, frequently to bring our ignorance and weakness to the Fountain of light and strength ;—our poverty and emptiness, to the *fulness which is in Christ*.

J. J. GURNEY.

Jesus died to redeem you from eternal woe, and make you happy for ever in heaven. He comes to you, and, showing the marks of his wounds, says "see how I loved thee, sinner! I love thee still! Come unto me that I may save thee from sin and from hell!" Oh reject not so gracious a Saviour. Trample not under foot such wonderful love! You will never meet with such another friend! Trust him! Love him! You will always find him full of pity and tenderness! He will comfort, guide, protect and save you amid all the dangers and sorrows of life, deliver you from the sting of death, and then make you happy for ever in heaven! O come to this loving Saviour.

NEWMAN HALL.

The Pilgrim's Song.

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH, NOT HAVING RECEIVED THE PROMISES, BUT HAVING SEEN THEM AFAR OFF, AND WERE PERSUADED OF THEM, AND EMBRACED THEM, AND CONFESSED THAT THEY WERE STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS ON THE EARTH." "FOR THEY THAT SAY SUCH THINGS DECLARE PLAINLY THAT THEY SEEK A COUNTRY,"—HEB. XI, 13. 14.

Amid the world's vexations
Oh let me not complain,
Although in grief I languish
Or agonize with pain.

I seek no crown of honor
Where a crown of thorns He wore—
The Lord of life and glory
Who thus my trespass bore.

I would not seek to follow
A path where roses be,
For here the High and Holy One
Bled on the accursed tree.

Lord ! grant me for life's journey,
Thy truth with guiding ray,
And send Thy Holy Spirit down
To lead me in the way !

And now with full surrender
I'll walk with Thee my God !
Where that steep narrow pathway
Thy holy footsteps trod.

With still increasing virtue
Let faith my portion be,
And her sweet fruit of blessing,
Pure, fervent charity.

Without her sacred presence
In vain my tent I move,
For love alone can lead us
To find our home in love.

Beneath her hallow'd guidance,
Sustained by her alone,
Through this wide world I follow—
She brings me to Thy throne.

Dear Lord ! Thy voice of mercy
Has called me to Thy side,
Yet still earth's toilsome pathways
My soul from heaven divide.

But thence, with arm extended
Do Thou my weakness stay ;
And oh, uphold Thy servant
To run his heavenward way !

Teach me to gaze with rapture
To Thy blue heavens, on high,
While thus entranced in vision
I commune with the sky !

Let themes like these beguile me
As earthly shades I view!
Whilst peace within my bosom
Shall whisper—‘ heaven is true.’

Yes! here on earth a stranger,
I bind grief’s mantle on,
A pilgrim veiled in shadow,
And sorrow’s favorite son.

But see, my chosen signet !
The cross my true love claims ;
It speaks of Him, the dearest
Of all beloved names.

And still my cherished token
The Saviour’s cross shall be,
Until in Canaan’s glories
My Fatherland I see !

SPITTA.

Should we not mention that he had a heart susceptible of the most tender *friendship*? I have frequently thought that this, of all others, was the distinguishing part of his character. How few

have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections? Was it not principally by this that the hearts of others were so strangely drawn and knit to him? Can anything but love beget love? This shone in his very countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private. Was it not this, which quick and penetrating as lightning, flew from heart to heart? Which gave that life to his sermons, his conversations, his letters? Ye are witnesses!

Wesley's Sermon on the Death of Whitefield.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staffe of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joye, (immortal diet!)
My bottle of salvation,
My gowne of glory, hope's true gage;
—And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soule, like peaceful palmer,
Travelleth tow'rds the land of heaven;
Other balm will not be given.

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowle of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill,
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after that will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Now the pilgrim prays, and then trials are light ;

For prayer to him, on his way,
Resembles the pillar of fire by night,
And the guiding cloud by day.

And when Zion's glittering walls are near,
Tho' his eyes may with tears be dim,
Some rays from her gates his soul shall cheer,
And the swell of her choral hymn.

At length his tears are all wiped away,
He enters the City of Light ;
And how gladly he changes his gown of grey
For Zion's robe of white !

Then the dear and the blessed ones meet his gaze,
From whom time no more shall sever,
And he joins in their endless song of praise,
" Hallelujah !" for ever, and ever !

A. OPIE.

The faith that was in Abraham's heart, originated such doings in the history of his life as declared plainly that he sought a country. And our faith is nothing, it is but the breath of an empty profession, but the utterance of a worthless orthodoxy ; if it be not followed up by such measures, and such movements, as plainly declare that immortality is the goal to which we are tending ; that the world is but the narrow foreground of that perspective which is lying at our feet ; and, with the eye stretching forward to the magnificent region beyond it, that we are actually keeping on the strait but single path which conducts to this distant heaven, though set at every footstep with thorns, and hemmed on the right and on the left with difficulties innumerable.

DR. CHALMERS.

Many years ago, when I was an object of much contempt and derision in this university, I strolled forth one day buffeted and afflicted—with my little Testament in my hand. I prayed earnestly to my God, that He would comfort me with some cordial from his Word, and that on opening the book I might find some text which should sustain me. It was not for direction that I was looking, for I am no friend to such superstitions as the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, but only for support. I thought I would turn to the Epistles, where I should most easily find some precious promise ; but my book was upside down, so without intending it, I opened on the Gospels. The first text which caught my eye was this, “ They found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name ; him they compelled to bear his cross.” You know Simon is the same name as Simeon. What a word of instruction was here ; what a blessed hint for my encouragement ! To have the cross laid upon me, that I might bear it after Jesus,—what a privilege ! It was enough. Now I could leap and sing for joy, as one whom Jesus was honoring with a participation in His sufferings. * * * Relating this on another occasion, Mr. Simeon added :—And when I read *that*, I said Lord, lay it on me, lay it on me ; I will gladly bear the cross for thy sake. And I henceforth bound persecution as a wreath of glory round my brow !

CHARLES SIMEON.

Ebening Devotion.

How pensive is eve to my spirit,
How smilingly daylight departs,
The birds to their vespers are waking—
Their song is a concert of hearts.

The flowers are all silent around us—
No voice to the flowrets is given,
But still as they bend in devotion,
Their prayers are ascending to heaven.

Wherever around or above me
The gaze of my intellect turns,
With holy and high adoration
Each spark of intelligence burns.

The streamlet that shines like a mirror
Reflects the cerulean dome,
And the hues that fair nature has painted
In grace and in majesty come.

All things that exult in their being
On wings of petition arise,
They ask for their hours of reposing,
The blessing that falls from the skies.

And all to my spirit are speaking,
They bid me their dictates obey:
As with silent example they whisper,
“Thou son of humanity, pray”!

SPITTA.

FROM THE SAME.

How pensively the eve steals o'er us,
While day with winning smile, departs ;
And listen where that woodland chorus
Pours the full gush of gladsome hearts :—
The birds prolong
Their evening song
And strain like their's its truth imparts :

The flowers are all unheard, attending—
No voice or speech to flowers is given,—
Yet, silent suppliants, see them bending
Their lowly forms beneath the heaven.
To earth they bow
Their faces now
Amid the tranquil hush of even.

Where'er I look, where'er I wander
T'is all devotion's sacred grace ;
See ! in the stream reflected yonder
The grand cerulean vault I trace :

The heavens of blue,
 With colours true,
 Are painted in that streamlet's face.

And all with loving souls are praying
 For blessing on their hours of rest ;
 And all things to my soul are saying,
 In words with wisdom's signet pressed :—
 " Thou child of clay !
 Arise and pray,
 Prayer is thy being's high behest."

SPITTA.

Let me take the lark for my pattern ; which, as I was returning from an evening ramble, attracted my observation. Warbling her Creator's praise, she mounted in the serene sky. Still she warbled, and still she mounted, as though she meant to carry her tribute of harmony unto the very gates of heaven. Having reached at last her highest elevation, and perceiving herself at an immense distance from the starry mansions, she dropped on a sudden to the earth ; and discontinued at once both to sing and to soar. Now the morning appears, and is awakening the world, our little songster re-tunes her throat, and re-exerts her wings.

HERVEY.

From "A Proper new Booke of the Armony of Byrdes."

When Dame Flora
 In die Aurora,
 Had covered the meadowes with flowers
 And all the fylde,
 Was over distylde
 With lusty Aperll showers.

For my disporte,
Me to comferte
Whan the day began to spring
Foorth I went
With a good intent
To here the byrdes sing.

I was not past,
Not a stoncs cast
So nigh as I c'd deme,
But I did see a goodly tree,
Within an herbor grene.

Wheron did lyght,
Byrdes so thyche
As starres in the sky,
Praisynge our Lorde
Without discorde
With goodly armony.

DIBDEN.

And then of mute and insensible things it holdeth true, that, though they cannot hope, they at least wait a restoration. We cannot ascribe to them, without an effort of poetry or of personification, the posture of looking forward to that day of their coming enlargement, when they shall be emancipated from the distress and imprisonment in which they are now held.—But still when we include them in the description of these verses, Rom. viii, we commit no greater violence upon the literalities of sober and prosaical truth than is done in other parts of Scripture—when all nature is summoned to an act of attendance upon God—when the voice of praise is heard by the ear of fancy as arising to heaven from the

mountains and the forests, and the valleys are made to sing, and the little hills on every side to rejoice—when on the approach of its Maker, the whole creation is represented as vocal—when the fields are called upon to break forth into gladness, and the floods to clap their hands.

DR. CHALMERS.

In contemplating the scenes of nature, where indeed there is neither voice nor language, yet it is impossible not to observe how the elements conspire to serve God, and to bless mankind. St. Clement, in his epistle to the Corinthians, enlarges upon this thought, to the following effect:—"the heavens declare the glory" of their great Creator, uniformly performing their operations in obedience to his decrees. At the word of the Almighty the sun ariseth, and knoweth his going down. The heavenly bodies run their appointed circuits in concert, and their motions clash not. Day and night, spring and summer, autumn and winter, in peaceful order give place to, and succeed each other. The earth, without murmuring or disputing, yields her increase at the stated seasons. Winds blow, and waters roll, in subserviency to the will of Him who made them; the very waves of the ocean practise submission; they pass not the bounds prescribed them, but, under the regulation of that powerful voice which said, "Hitherto shall ye come, but no farther," they only serve to fill up the mighty chorus of inanimate beings that are incessantly, in their way, rendering homage to the Lord of nature. They continue this day according to his ordinance; for all things serve him in their several places without let or molestation.

BISHOP HORNE.

Sabbath Morning.

"I BESEECH YOU THEREFORE, BRETHREN, BY THE MERCIES OF GOD, THAT YE PRESENT YOUR BODIES A LIVING SACRIFICE, HOLY, ACCEPTABLE UNTO GOD, WHICH IS YOUR REASONABLE SERVICE."—ROM. XII. 1.

Day of the Lord ! thou to my soul
A sacred festival shalt be ;
And I will welcome thee with joy
Like the saints' first community :
Who once confessed
This day of rest
A truce for holy thought, and high solemnity.

From every vain thing far—
My thoughts to heaven shall fly ;
And plumed with joy,
Their powers employ,
When, oh my God ! with Thee
I keep this festal day of immortality.

With many a holy band,
Who on this day before Thy presence stand,
My soul shall join ;
And we Thy name will praise ;

And I will raise
My votive heart and voice to speak Thy love :
Whilst still, oh Lord ! to Thee,
With angel company,
I'll sing a holier strain in yonder worlds above.

Within this calm abode,
Whose courts are perfum'd with the name of God,
The gospel sound goes forth :
And here, oh Lord !
I listen to the dictates of thy word,
Whilst softly sighs my soul to Thee
Touched by thy spirit's ministry.
Yes, Thou wilt teach me and console,
And in Thy precious love
My great Redeemer ! I'll rejoice ;
And all my powers shall move
With prostrate will, and bended knee,
Thou Saviour of the world to Thee !

Thy holy scriptures, Lord !
With tranquil mind to ponder,
This day my soul her high requirement finds—
Her cup of health :
I were a fool, Thou God of truth ! to squander
Thy wisdom's lore, my treasure and my wealth.

No, rather with simplicity of heart
Father in heaven !
Will I that page unrol
Which Thou hast given !
And where Thy statutes shine in light and life,
There in the spirit of a child would I,
With thankful heart, and meek, my little lamp supply.

Retiring now in stillness to thy home,
Thought's calm retreat,
Do thou, my spirit ! in devotion come
Thy God to meet :
There ask thyself what impulses of will
Thy being guide ;
Ask what disturbs, and what with joy can fill
Thy heart's full tide ;
And there thy works examine, weigh each deed ;
Prove thy life's aim ;
Be honest to thyself, and Jesus Christ,
As thy great pattern, all thy soul shall claim.

There, there thy sins forget not, sins perchance
Which unrepented lie ;
And there, in deep contrition, search them out
With careful eye ;
Till God shall look upon thee, and his voice
Shall bid thy self-abased soul rejoice :

There, tracing his compassions, thou shalt raise
From earth's low bed of dust, the thankful notes of praise.

Day of the Lord ! with blessings laden
Thou comest with sweetness to my heart ;
And now, Thou sun of light and glory !
To me Thy quickening beams impart ;
So shall my being rise on wings to heaven.

Father ! I pray thee, bless
My soul's deep worship in its calm recess,
And, with the Spirit's fulness, make me full.
Then, oh my Saviour ! turn, and one pure ray,
Forth shining from Thy face, shall crown my Sabbath day.

LAVATER.

That it is our bounden duty, by the regular attendance of public worship, to confess our allegiance to the King of kings, admits of no question. We are commanded in Scripture not to "forsake the assembling of ourselves together;" and in the zealous performance of this great duty, we have a sure guide in the example of Jesus Christ himself. How often do we read of his appearing in the synagogues on the Sabbath days; and how important is the information given us by the evangelist, that this was his "*custom*." Blessed be his holy name, he still condescends to bestow his presence upon his disciples, when they are gathered together, for the solemn purpose of worshipping the Father. He is for a crown of glory and for a diadem of beauty unto the residue of his people, he brings them unto "the banqueting-house," and his "banner over them is love."

J. J. GURNEY.

May every sabbath you shall spend upon earth, bring down such a glimpse of heaven's glory and heaven's blessedness upon your habitations. No care; no poverty; no desolation, by the hand of death upon your household; no evil, saving remorse, that the world can oppose, need to keep such precious visitations away from you. But O remember that it is only to those who keep the sayings of the Saviour, that He has promised thus to manifest Himself; and it is only after a pure and watchful and conscientious week, that you can ever expect its closing sabbath to be a season of rejoicing piety, a day of peace and of pleasantness.

DR. CHALMERS.

First day, (Sunday) 17th.—My body recovering, though weak, my spirit tendered before the Lord for His great and unspeakable benefits, my naturally too-insensible heart softened before Him, who I may say is the delight of my soul, my Lord and my God, my Saviour and Redeemer. I remember those that are worshipping as worshipping with them, and my spirit feels sweet unity with the church militant, and perhaps, though utterly unworthy of it with his church triumphant; as if I could unite with both, in the everlasting song of high praises, even to our God, and to his Lamb, who hath shown such tender mercy towards us, and made Himself manifest to us as our Saviour and Redeemer. Blessed for ever be His name.

ELIZABETH FRY.

Fear God; shew it in desire, refraining, and doing; keep the inward watch, keep a clear soul, and a light heart. Mind an inward sense upon doing anything. When you read the scripture, remark the notablist places, as your spirits are most touched and affected,

in a common-place book, with that sense or opening which you receive ; for they come not by study, or in the will of man, and they may be lost by carelessness and over-growing thoughts and business of this life : so in perusing any other good or profitable book, yet rather meditate than read much.

WM. PENN.

OF THE INCOMPARABLE TREASURE OF THE
HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Here is the spring where waters flowe
To quench our heate of sinne ;
Here is the tree where trueth doeth growe
To lead our lives therein.

Here is the judge that stints the strife
When men's devises faile ;
Here is the bread that feedes the life
That death cannot assaile.

The tidings of salvation deare
Comes to our eares from hence ;
The fortresse of our faith is here
And shielde of our defence.

Then be not like the hogge that hath
A pearle at his desire,
And takes more pleasure of the trough
And wallowing in the mire.

Reade not this booke in any case
But with a single eye :
Reade not, but first desire God's grace
To understand thereby.

Pray still in faith with this respect
To fructifie therein,
That knowledge may bring this effect
To mortifie thy sinne.

Then happie thou in all thy life
What so to thee befallles :
Yea, double happie shalt thou be
When God by death thee calles.

Geneva Version, 1595.

Consider the infinite wonders of the Holy Scriptures, the more than human grandeur and sublimity of their contents, and the admirable simplicity of their style ; in which there is nothing of affectation, nothing over-wrought, and which bears the clearest and most undeniable character of truth.

PASCAL.

Christian reader. Here hast thou, most dear reader, the New Testament, or covenants made with us of God, in Christ's blood. Faith now, in God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the covenants and appointments made between God and us, is our salvation.

WM. TYNDALE.

On the Prophets.

Oh that my lips could speak
The praises high
Of those bold Seers whose holy bosoms glowed
With Deity :
How these fanned fresh the flame
Of doctrine true,
And taught what honour to the Father in heaven
From men is due ;—
They steered the troubled state
Where raging currents flowed,
And by their counsels they relieved
Their country's galling load ;—
They sang with prophet-voice
That future advent-morn,
When the Eternal Father's son
Should here be born,
From our foul sins to wash us throughly free
With his redeeming blood poured out on Calvary.

MELANCTHON.

On the Ark of Christ, which is the
Church of God.

When Jason to his father-land
Had borne the golden fleece away,
Expecting when his regal hand
Should o'er his realms resume its sway,
'Tis said, that ark—
His wave-worn bark—
Perfidious laid her Captain low ;
The falling poop,
With headlong swoop,
Strikes Him a sudden, fatal blow,
When now his wearied limbs recline
Beside his home and household shrine.
Not thus thy Argo, Christ, shall fall on thee,
Battered although and rent her timbers be.

When proud Orion wakes the watery deep,
And heaven's battalions rush with angry sweep
Panting for war,

See struggling in mid-ocean, tempest-riven,
 Thy bark's frail form,—
When, lo, stretched out thy own right hand from
 heaven,
 Piercing the storm!
In safety now thy mariners abide,
Anchored on thee amid the threatening tide.

Oh living image of the Eternal Sire,
 Light of his throne,
Christ, our best Friend, do thou defend and keep
 Thy Church—thy own.

MELANCTHON.

'Twas when the seas with hideous roar
 A little bark assailed,
And potent fear, with awful power,
 O'er each on board prevailed :—

Save one, the captain's darling child,
 Who fearless view'd the storm,
And playful, with composure smiled
 At danger's threatening form.

“Why sporting thus,” a seamen cries,
 “When sorrows overwhelm?”
“Why yield to grief?” the boy replies,
 “My Father's at the helm!”

We know not whither our frail barks are borne,
To quiet haven, or on stormy shore,
Nor need we seek to know it, while above
The tempest, and the water's angriest roar,
Are heard the voices of redeeming love ;
So shall we find none dreary or forlorn.
Whither we go we know not, but we know
That if we keep our faces surely set
Toward new Zion, we shall reach at last,
When every danger, every woe is past,
The city where the sealed tribes are met,
Whither the saved of the nations flow :
The city with its heaven-descended halls,
The city builded round with diamond walls.

R. C. TRENCH.

Distichon.

Ut tua pertingat, penetretque precatio cælum
Corde sit ex puro, sit brevis atque frequens.

Thy prayer, to reach and penetrate the skies,
Frequent and few in words, from a pure heart should rise.

Wouldst thou thy wishes heaven should reach, and find
sweet welcome there,
Let a pure heart the language teach of brief and frequent
prayer.

J. E.

De Vagiente Ecclesia.

Æterni de mente patris sapientia nata,
In qua Mundi operum fulsit idea novi
Et quæ distinxit pulcherrima corpora rerum,
Et jussit formas singula habere suas.
Hæc eadem in parvis vagit sapientia cunis,
Naturæ nostræ membra tenella gerens.
Sic quanquam infundit se nostra in pectora, nobis
Nondum se totam cernere posse dedit.
Ut tamen in nobis sint tantæ exordia lucis,
Tanquam vagitus, dogmata prima sonat.
Non spernis quanquam infirmos, si debita credant
Te *λύτρα* pro nobis Christe dedisse patri.
Ah precor infirmis adsis ut mentibus, atque
Doctrinæ foveas semina sparsa tuæ,
Dum tua se totam pandet sapientia nobis,
Atque Patrem clara luce videre dabit.
Quando mortali solventur carcere mentes,
Et Duce te, cœli culmina celsa petent,
Christe, tuo exulibus patriam tu sanguine reddis ;
Nulla venit nobis Te nisi dante salus.

MELANCTHON.

The Cradle-cry of the Church.

That Wisdom whose birth-place was in the mind of the Eternal Father, and in which the conception of the works of a new world shone, and which, embodying matter in varied beauty, bade each species assume a fashion of its own—that same Wisdom puts forth its infancy in a little cradle, and wears the tender limbs of our nature. In like manner, although she infuses herself into our inmost being, she has not yet given us the power to behold her whole self. Still, that we may be illumined by the dawnings of so great a light, she gives expression to her first doctrines in cradle-cries. Thou dost not spurn men, weak though they be, if they believe that thou, oh Christ, hast given thyself to the Father as a ransom in our stead. Ah! I beseech thee that thou wilt assist our feeble minds, and cherish the scattered seeds of thy teaching, until thine own Wisdom shall unfold its whole self to us, and shall give us to behold the Father in clear light, when these intelligences shall be freed from their mortal prison-house, and thou being their Leader, shall seek the towering heights of heaven. Thou, oh Christ, by thy blood restorest thy exiled-ones to their father-land, and from thee alone do we obtain salvation.

THE SAME.

That Wisdom of eternal birth
Which from the Father's bosom came,
Secret in which the imagined earth
Shone, of a new and lustrous frame ;

And which with many a varied grace
Bodied and robed material things,
Giving them each with Beauty's face
Their own specific fashionings ;—

Lo, that same Wisdom's infant-cries
Come from a little cradle-bed ;
She stoops to wear a human guise,
In our weak body habited :

Thus though our inmost being feels
The influence of her presence there,
Not yet her fulness she reveals,
Nor shows us all her beauty rare.

But, that in us may brightly beam
The dawnings of a light so clear,
In tones which like child-accents seem
She lets us her first teachings hear.

Yes, Jesus ! thou wilt not upbraid
Those weak ones who behold in thee
A ransom to thy Father paid—
Paid for our debt to set us free.

Assist our feeble minds, oh Lord,
And cherish by thy showers benign
The scattered seed-germs of thy word,
And thy theology divine,

Till thy hid Wisdom shall unfold
In perfect flower her every grace,
Whilst through her favour we behold
In purest light the Father's face,

When from their prison-house set free,
And all earth's bonds of being riven,
These souls of ours, led up by thee,
Shall seek the towering heights of heaven.

Thou to thy exiled ones, thine own,
Their father-land wilt then restore,
Blood-bought by thee ; for thou alone
Oh Christ, canst save for evermore.

MELANCTHON.

Grace before Meat.

To this repast, which is thy gift, oh Christ, grant thy blessing, that, at thy command, it may nourish our weary bodies. Bread alone does not keep up life in our frail body ; it is thy word which prolongs the period of its existence.

Thanksgiving after Meat.

Now that our repast has banished hunger, and our meal is removed, we will give thanks to thee, oh Father Supreme. For our human powers will derive no assistance from this nutriment, unless they be cherished by Divine aid ; for all things live as they are operated on by thy Spirit, and it is through thy afflatus that they all breathe and enjoy health. Do thou also now minister nourishment to our thankful souls, and feed our spirits with immortal food. And since we are the objects of thy care, do thou, oh Father, most Good, preserve us, and over-rule our pursuits and the seasons of our lives. And, oh Father, most Good, as thou hast provided for us a repast, do thou add strength therewith, for thy goodness sake. Amen.

MELANCTHON.

His converse at his table was very profitable, and yet pleasant ; never rising, either at home or abroad, without dropping something of God, according to the rule he laid down to others. He was very much in commending and admiring the mercies of God in every meal, and still so pleased with his provision for him, that he would often say, ' He fared deliciously every day, and lived far better than the great ones of the world, who had their tables far better furnished. For he enjoyed God in all, and saw his love and bounty in what he received at every meal : ' so that he would say, ' O wife ! I live a voluptuous life, but blessed be God, it is upon spiritual dainties, such as the world knows not, and tastes not of.'

JOSEPH ALLEINE.

“The Song of Songs.”

“THE SONG OF SONGS, WHICH IS SOLOMON’S.”—CANT. I. 1.

“A song of songs” there is,
Which when thou once hast known,
’Tis then thy soul’s superior bliss
To make that song thy own,
And in a soft and gladsome strain
To sing it o’er and o’er again.

No faltering voice of man
First gave its music forth ;
That song so rich in winning charms
Never knew mortal birth ;—
Those strains so teaching, deep and strong,
Have chords that all to heaven belong :

It celebrates a love
Before whose melting ray,
Like mists in presence of the sun,
Life’s shadows flee away ;
The griefs and woes of earth depart
When this ecstatic song springs upward from the
heart.

SPITTA.

This book appears to be a very bright and powerful ray of heavenly light, admirably fitted to excite pious and devout affections in holy souls, to draw out their desires toward God, to increase their delight in him, and improve their acquaintance and communion with him. * * * It requires some pains to find out what may, probably, be the meaning of the Holy Spirit in the several parts of this book: as David's songs are many of them level to the capacity of the meanest, and there are shallows in them, in which a lamb may wade, so this of Solomon's will exercise the capacities of the most learned, and there are depths in it, in which an elephant may swim.

MATTHEW HENRY.

When we were enumerating the excellencies of the sacred writings, methinks we might have added ;—are you fond of pastoral in all its flowery graces, and blooming honours? Never have we seen such exquisite touches of rural painting, or such sweet images of endeared affection, as in the “Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.” All the brilliant and amiable appearances in nature are employed to delineate the tenderness of his heart, who is love itself; to pourtray the beauty of his person, who is “the chiefest among ten thousand;” and describe the happiness of those souls, whose “fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.”

HERVEY.

“Consider the Lilies of the Field.”

“AND WHY TAKE YE THOUGHT FOR RAIMENT? CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW; THEY TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN.”—MATTHEW VI. 28.

Thou beauteous lily of the field,
Thou child to nature dear,
Oh ! tell me who has decked thy form
In hues so bright and clear ;
Who thus has given thee to my sight
Attired in robes of purest white ?

And tell me, wherefore art thou clad
So goodly in array,
With spangles wrought of richest gold
That glitter to the day ?
King Solomon in glory drest
Was not arrayed in such a vest.

God raised thee from the dust of earth,
God loves thee, gentle flower ;
Whilst in the silent watch of night
When darkness holds her power,
An angel-form to thee he sends
Whose hand a fostering succour lends.

He bathes thy mantle in the dew,
And dries it in the wind,
And bleaches it when summer suns
Are genial warm and kind ;
And on thy youthful brow is set
Thy springtide's shining coronet.

Thou beauteous lily of the field,
In all thy honours drest,
Thy form of finished loveliness,
Thy fair and polished vest ;
Methinks, sweet flower, thy lips impart
Wisdom's deep counsels to the heart.

Thou lovely lily of the field,
Celestial truth is thine,
And gems of purity and grace
Within thy petals shine ;
Resplendent is each starry gem
In truth and nature's diadem.

Yes, thou hast learned with tutored mind,
The art of thinking well,
And He, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Preserves his flow'ret-bell ;
He shelters with His guardian care
Thy tender stem, thy blossoms fair.

SPITTA.

Even the lilies of the field, which are incapable of adorning themselves, are far more beautifully decorated than Solomon, or any earthly monarch, in his royal robes. And has the Lord, with such perfection, adorned the very vegetables, that will so soon be cut down, withered, dried up, or burned ; and will he not suitably clothe the Christian ? Or should he be desirous of such adornings, as are surpassed by the flowers of the field ? This must arise from weakness of faith, respecting the truths and promises of God, which will expose a man to just rebukes. Solicitous and distrustful enquiries about temporal things may consist with the character of those who know not God ; who consequently must count the world their portion ; and who rely on their own foresight for obtaining the good things of it : but Christians have a nobler portion and a better provider. “ Their Father knoweth what they want ; ” and he has sufficient power, truth, goodness, and love to them, to send what is best for them ; their anxiety is then entirely superfluous.

SCOTT. .

Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink ; for as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth thy majesty ;
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use :
Roses and lilies speak thee.

HERBERT.

“The Unity of the Spirit.”

“HE THAT TRUSTETH IN HIS OWN HEART IS A FOOL: BUT WHOSO WALKETH WISELY, HE SHALL BE DELIVERED.”—PROV. XXVIII. 26.

Salvation is a boon,
A heritage that's given
To every child of Adam's race
That lives beneath the heaven;
Then, hand in hand,
Our peaceful band
Shall seek the one eternal land.

Sweet harmony of soul
Sustains our spirit's power,
As pilgrims here on earth we roam
In the world's conflict hour;
Join heart with heart,
And half the smart
Of earthly sorrows shall depart.

Then let us most desire
Our gracious Lord to please;
And he shall chase our household foes,
And give us sweet release:

Then envy flies,
And discord dies
With all the train of our heart's miseries.

SPITTA.

"Be of one mind." The apostle in this verse, taking leave of his Corinthians, bequeaths to them the same legacy which the blessed Jesus bequeathed to all his followers ;—"Peace I leave with you," said the Master ; "my peace I give unto you." "Finally brethren" says this his faithful disciple, "be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you : " such are the conditions, upon the performance of which, we may hope for the presence of God in the midst of us. He who "maketh men to be of one mind in a house," delighteth to dwell in the house where they are so. The spirit of discord resides in the world,—that scene of confusion, that mystic *Babel* ! *Jerusalem* is a city at unity in itself, and is therefore the habitation of the Prince of Peace.

Man is reconciled to God by the righteousness of Christ, through faith ; to himself, by the answer of a conscience thus purged from sin ; and to his brethren, by christian charity shed abroad in his heart.

All these operations worketh one and the same spirit ; whence the unity, of which we are now speaking, is styled "the unity of the spirit," which is represented as encircling all things in heaven and earth with a *bond* of peace.

BISHOP HORNE.

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Men ought to take heed of rending God's church by two kind of controversies : the one is, when the matter of the point controverted is too small and light, not worth the heat and strife about it, kindled only by contradiction ; for as it is noted by one of the fathers, Christ's coat indeed had no seam, but the church's vesture was of divers colours, whereupon he saith, "*in vesta varietas sit, scissura non sit,*" they be two things, unity and uniformity ; the other is when the matter of the point controverted is great, but it is driven to an over-great subtlety and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantial.

LORD BACON.

They which are all of one mind, whatsoever the number of their persons be, are in reference to that mind, but one ; as all the members, howsoever different, yet being animated by one soul, become one body. Charity is of a fastening and uniting nature ; nor can we call those many, who endeavour "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." "By this," said our Saviour, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And this is the unity of charity.

BISHOP PEARSON.

Lord I am Thine.

"FOR YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE: THEREFORE GLORIFY GOD IN YOUR BODY, AND IN YOUR SPIRIT, WHICH ARE GOD'S."—1. COR. VI. 20.

Give what thou wilt oh Lord ! my grateful heart

The boon receives :

Take what Thou wilt ! my soul obedient back,

Her treasure gives :

Only with thee I would for ever dwell.

Let me thy ways pursue, oh God ! and all is well.

Sweetly the gracious current of thy will

My being guides,

And there with hallowing empire, calm and still

O'er all presides :

Led by thy hand my steadfast course shall be ;

Let me begin and end my pilgrim path with thee.

Leaning upon myself, and not on thee,

I were a fool ;

Then I should stumble oft, and wander free

From thy sweet rule :

Self-chosen paths are profitless and vain,

There no salvation smiles, there no full blessings reign.

For me, my Saviour, God ! with tenderest care
Thy love hath planned :
Oft have I found Thee, all unsought in prayer,
Beside me stand.

Oh ! if thou hadst not made my soul thine own,
Ne'er had I turned to seek thy mercy's throne.

SPITTA.

Was enabled in secret prayer to raise my soul to God with desire and delight. It was indeed a blessed season to my soul : I found the comfort of being a christian ; I counted the sufferings of the present life not worthy to be compared with the glory of divine enjoyments ; even in this world. All my past sorrows seemed kindly to disappear, and I remembered no more the sorrow for joy. I felt exceeding serious, calm, and peaceful, and encouraged to press after holiness as long as I live, whatever difficulties and trials may be in my way ; may the Lord always help me so to do. Amen, and Amen.

BRAINERD.

Paul saith that, the love of a pure heart and good conscience and faith unfeigned—is the end and fulfilling of the law : for faith unfeigned in Christ's blood, causeth to love for Christ's sake—which love is the pure love only, and the only cause for good conscience ; for then is the conscience pure when the eye looketh to Christ in all deeds, to do them for his sake—not for our own singular advantage.

TYNDALE.

Nous n'avons pas d' idée de ce que nous pourrions faire si nous étions complètement perdus dans cet accord complet avec Dieu, si nous ne cherchions pas d'autre volonté que la sienne, si nous n'avions pas une parole de notre bouche, pas un battement de notre cœur, pas une pensée de notre intelligence, pas un mouvement de notre esprit ou de notre corps qui ne fût tourné vers lui pour l'attendre dans l'esprit de Samuel, " Parle, Seigneur, ton serviteur écoute." Quelques hommes ont montré ce qu' un homme peut faire : un Luther, un Calvin, un Saint Paul, un Moïse ; ces hommes-là ont montré ce qu' un homme peut faire quand il ne cherche que la volonté de Dieu.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

Spend no time anxiously in forehand contrivances for *this* world ; they will never succeed ; God will turn his dispensations another way. Self-contrivances are the effect of unbelief. I can speak by experience ; would men spend those hours they run out in plots and in contrivances, in communion with God, and leave all to Him by believing, they would have more peace and comfort.

"THE SUN BEHIND A CLOUD."

Besides the encouragements and assurances given in the Scriptures to prayer, my own experience will stand a terrible witness against me, if I should ever cease to pray. I cannot allow myself to put down remarkable answers, which I have had to prayer, lest I should stumble the weak, or provoke the scornful. I know not when I ever prayed in earnest, that in one way or other, I had not satisfactory evidence that God heareth prayer. Ten thousand times hath he reproached unbelief, by saying, Here I am, why art thou fearful, O thou of little faith ? And so strong is this evidence to me when I examine the detail, that I see and feel that he said it not in vain, " If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

RICHARD CECIL.

The Word of Life.

Thou word of Life, unsullied spring!
Fresh from the courts of heaven ;—
By thee to every drooping soul
Immortal strength is given.
As to the flower that withering bends
Beneath the noontide beam,
And mid the thirsty desert waste,
Stoops to the freshening stream ;
So to our spirit-wilderness
Thy affluent waters seem.

Without thy presence to our souls
Oh what can earth supply ?
'Tis but a pathway through a vale
Where darkening shadows lie :
Without thee, what were heaven above,
Could such discordance be ?
'Twere like the hall of joy, locked up
Beneath a mystic key.

Apart from thee, thou quickening Word,
Oh what can life bestow ?
'Tis but an ever-present death,
A dark deceitful shew :
Without thee what is death ?—grey night
Untinged by morning's glow.

From thee with gladdening pulse we draw
Warmth genial and divine ;
From thee the beams of holy light
With full refulgence shine ;
By thee with wonder-working power
The veil of sense is riven ,
Thou canst disclose the gates of hell,
And thou canst open heaven.
In thunders to the sinner's ear
Thy voice of awe goes forth,
To rouse him from his slothful rest
Amid the clods of earth.

Before that God who sits as judge
With balance right and true
Thou bid'st us tremble, whilst he gives
To each the judgment due.
Thou bid'st us love with filial heart
That Father kind and good,
Who bears in His long-suffering grace
With mortal turpitude.

That God who as an offering gave
His own beloved Son,
That He might pay the penalty
For trespass man had done,
And who will thus the sinner take
Home to his love for Jesu's sake.

Thou word of Life !—to him whose ear
The blessed truth receives,
Salvation's endless heritage
Thy faithful promise gives ;
For he alone whose heart has learned
Thy sacred worth to prize,
Shall in secure possession hold
This jewel of the skies.

Then will I gird thee to my side,
Oh thou the spirit's sword,
Help me to fight the fight of faith
God's ever blessed word !
Thus shall I gain in realms on high
The fadeless crown of victory !

SPITTA.

And being now made by Him the children of God, may we shine with a bright, steady flame, as lights in the world, and hold out for the benefit of all around us, the word of life, as the gospel which redeems us from the second death, and raises us to eternal life, may properly be called.

May we spread its lustre through as wide a circle as possible, and with it, that happiness which nothing but a cordial belief of it, and subjection to it can bring to the human heart.

And brandish in your hands the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God, those declarations of His word and gospel which His spirit has inspired, and by a firm confidence in which you will be able not only to defend yourselves, but to repel your adversaries.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

Return, O holy dove ! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that Idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

At anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit come !
 Celestial breeze no longer stay,
 But swell my sails, and speed my way.

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 And loose my cable from below :
 But I can only spread my sail ;
 Thou, Thou must breath the auspicious gale."

TOPLADY.

O let us entreat the Lord again "to send a plentiful rain, to confirm his inheritance when it is weary." The scriptures predict a day when the Holy Spirit shall be given in a very abundant manner. Thus it is written in the prophets, Joel ii. 28, 29, Isaiah xlv. 2, Zechariah xiv. 8, and Ezekiel xxxvii. and xlvii. In all these passages of scripture, expressions are used which give promise to a very large effusion of divine influence. "I will pour my spirit upon all flesh," upon every age and station; upon their sons and their daughters; the old men and the youth; the servants and the handmaids. "I will pour floods upon the dry ground;" not sending this living water in a scanty measure, but like the bursting forth of the mountain torrents which spread on every side. "In summer and in winter shall it be" a continued supply, not affected by the heat of summer or the cold of winter. "The breath came into them, and they lived and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army"; not a few scattered converts, but a vast multitude, like the eastern armies.

J. H. STEWART.

I was thinking this morning, amidst all my business, my many engagements, my numerous cares, and the little time I have for reflection and quiet; what I should do if my dependance was not placed upon the Eternal word of life? which is with me in every place. I could not but feel this an invaluable gift. I think it a blessing to feel the operative power of this word of life, and through abundant mercy, it leads me at seasons, sometimes at very low seasons, to feel it my meat and my drink to do the will of my Heavenly Father.

ELIZABETH FRY.

“He that followeth Me shall have the light of life.” Be it our’s brethren, to make this glorious promise our own. For to have the light of life, what is it? It is to be in fellowship with Him who is at once the light and life of men; and in this fellowship to become more and more a child of light, for whom the darkness is now past; the darkness of a selfish, the darkness of a proud, the darkness of an unholy heart, and for whom the true light now shineth. That light thou mayest make, if thou wilt, more and more thine own, mayest clothe thyself with it, till it be to thee armour of light, at once a sun and a shield, a glory and a defence. Arrayed in this, thou mayest pass unharmed through all temptations of this world, till thou, being brought at length into a meetness for the inheritance of the saints, in light shalt stand, all unawares it may be, within the gates of that heavenly city, which needeth neither sun nor moon, “for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.”

R. C. TRENCH.

Now these are called here the groanings of the Spirit of God, because it is in fact He who hath awakened them in the spirit of man. When he intercedes for a believer, the believer’s own heart is the channel through which the intercession finds its way to the throne of grace. It is not that there is any want either of light or of utterance about Him; but He doeth his work gradually upon us, and often infuses a desirousness into our hearts before He reveals the truth with distinctness unto our understandings. He walketh by progressive footsteps, in accomplishing the creation of a new moral world—even as He did when employed in the creation of our present system of materialism. He then moved upon the face of the waters, before He said, let there be light, and there was light.

DR. CHALMERS.

The doctrine of redundant and illimitable pardons, constitute the glory, and seals the Divinity of the glad tidings; of that gospel, which the Irish version of Scripture (we are told) emphatically entitles—"The story of peace." It did so even to believers of patriarchal times; much more in these last days when God hath spoken by his Son,—when the "story of peace," the doctrine of boundless pardon, is more fully developed, and still more strongly ratified. That doctrine pours into the mind, if strengthened to receive it with cordial and animated faith, a beam at once convicting, purifying, and healing; which, while it enlightens each secret chamber of imagery, pierces also and scatters each defilement, and effaces each record of condemnation there; bringing out more visibly, but to cancel as potently, the stains of guilt, and the sentences of ruin; shining in the heart to display the dreadful strength and complexity of its self-riveted chains, and to melt them in the glow and splendour of a Divine Redemption.

JOHN SHEPPARD.

The Spirit of the Fathers.

"FOR ENQUIRE, I PRAY THEE, OF THE FORMER AGE, AND PREPARE THYSELF TO THE SEARCH OF THEIR FATHERS:" ("FOR WE ARE BUT OF YESTERDAY, AND KNOW NOTHING, BECAUSE OUR DAYS UPON EARTH ARE A SHADOW:") "SHALL NOT THEY TEACH THEE, AND TELL THEE, AND UTTER WORDS OUT OF THEIR HEART?"—JOB VIII. 8. 9. 10.

"TO WHOM PERTAINETH THE ADOPTION, AND THE GLORY, AND THE COVENANTS, AND THE GIVING OF THE LAW, AND THE SERVICE OF GOD, AND THE PROMISES;" "WHOSE ARE THE FATHERS, AND OF WHOM AS CONCERNING THE FLESH CHRIST CAME, WHO IS OVER ALL, GOD BLESSED FOR EVER. AMEN."—ROM. IX. 4. 5.

Spirit of strength and faith,
Life of the lowly soul,
Of meek obedience, and of powers
That move in sweet control :
Creator Thou of all
The works which God hath wrought,
By whom to us, the fruits of heaven
Are richly brought :
Thou spirit that didst once inspire
Prophets and Kings, a goodly band,
And kindled'st with celestial fire
The messengers of God's right hand;—
Thou wast their strength, their impulse high,
And witness of their ministry.

Oh clothe us, children of the dust,
With gifts divine ;
That might and courage-breathing faith
In us may shine,
With zeal for God's own house
And grace to say,
" We fight the fight of faith,—
Earth, with thy toys, away!"

Grant us the assured belief
Which Abraham knew,
That holy confidence of faith
With purpose true,
Which bears with conquering power away
Through all the doubts that cloud our day ;
That whilst the covenant of grace
Our hearts confess,
Receiving with a trustful joy
Its righteousness,
Still at God's footstool would lay down
Each hour, its best beloved one.

And when a false, delusive world
Its net would lay,
And with its threatenings and its lures
Would lead astray,
Then grant us Joseph's holy mind
With saintly fortitude combined.

Pour down the unction which of old
On Moses fell,
When God's long-suffering grace he asked
For Israel ;
And for our Church in evil days
May we our intercessions raise.
Nor let us see with cold regard
Their doom of woe,
But, touched with Moses' hallowed grief
Our tears shall flow
With sighs, with loud lament and ruth
For those who leave the paths of truth.

Grant us the spirit of the brave
That did inspire
King David, when on Judah's foes
He poured his ire ;
His trust in Christ his rock
When tempests rose,
His truth to Friendship's sacred name,
His love of foes ;
His contrite heart that wept for sin
And sought God's pardoning grace to win.

As once Elijah's breast
With indignation glowed,
With holy wrath and jealousy
For Israel's God ;

So now let kindling zeal
 Within us move,
When Superstition's blinded throng
 In error rove,—
Nor to their gods with head or knee
Bow down, but only Lord, to thee.

With souls of saintly dress,
 Thy great apostle band
Who as the witnesses of grace
 Unbending stand,
Give us in mockery and in shame
 To publish forth
To all the world, that Jesus' blood
 Has precious worth;
And oh we pray Thee grant
 That we the truth may know,
The truth that makes our spirits free
 And makes our joys o'erflow :
Nor shall our hearts this pearl resign
For power, almighty power, is Thine.

Like Stephen give us peace
 When darkest woes are rife,
Whilst, each in his appointed stand,
 We meet the hottest strife.

And when earth's loud commotion's swell
With tempest rage,
Then let the clear serene of faith
Our souls engage :
In death let heaven be opened, and our eye
See Jesus on His throne of majesty !

Spirit of strength and faith,
Life of the lowly soul—
Of meek obedience, and of powers
That move in sweet control ;
Creator, Thou, of all
The works which God hath wrought,
By whom to us the fruits of heaven
Are richly brought ;—
Thou spirit that didst once inspire
Prophets and kings, a goodly band,
And kindledst with celestial fire
The messengers of God's right hand ;—
Dwell too in us—with influence high,
And there reveal Thy ministry.

However much the most perfect of the species may have to glory of in the eye of his fellows, he has nothing to glory of before God. The apostle affirms this of Abraham, a patriarch whose virtues had canonized him in the hearts of all his descendants ; and who from the heights of a very remote antiquity still

stands forth to the people of this distant age, as the most venerably attired in the worth and piety, and all the primitive and sterling virtues of the older dispensation. As to his piety; of this we have no document at all, till after the time when God met him—till after that point in his history which Paul assigns as the period of his justification by faith,—till after he walked in friendship with the God who found him out an alien of nature; and stretching forth to him the hand of acceptance, shed a grace and a glory over the whole of his subsequent pilgrimage in the world.

DR. CHALMERS.

Longed to “depart and be with Christ,” more than at any time of late. My soul was exceedingly united to the saints of ancient times, as well as those now living; especially my soul melted for the society of Elijah and Elisha. Was enabled to cry to God with a childlike spirit, and to continue instant in prayer for some time.

BRAINERD.

Aussi, mes amis, la prière est la marque distinctive des serviteurs puissants du Seigneur. Tous, avec des différences considérables, ils nous offrent ce trait commun : ce sont des hommes qui prient beaucoup, et des hommes qui prient ardemment. Voyez la prière d'un Jacob ; il lutte avec le Seigneur toute une nuit, jusqu'à ce qu'il ait triomphé du Seigneur lui-même, qui se prête à ce triomphe pour exercer la foi de son serviteur. Voyez les prières d'un Moïse, et d'un Samuel, d'un Moïse, fondateur d'Israël, d'un Samuel réformateur d'Israël; d'un David et d'un roi Josaphat.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

Pentecostal Hymn.

"THROUGH GOD WE SHALL DO VALIANTLY: FOR HE IT IS THAT SHALL TREAD
DOWN OUR ENEMIES."—PSALM LX. 12.

Oh day! that hast unto our souls set forth
The Father's counsel, and proclaimed the worth
Of Jesus' great salvation—by each tongue
Inspired the glory of his name to praise,
Oh, let the voice of song, a votive pæan raise.

The earth was lying, veiled in night,
With error's deepest shades opprest;
Now her dark places wake to light—
By thy smile blest:
Sing thanks to Jesus! he shall be
High on God's throne of majesty;
Let each disciple's gracious soul
The triumphs of his name extol,
And blessings to their righteous Lord
For all his finished work accord:
He sends the promised Spirit down
And hosts proclaim His high renown;
Well pleased they vie—through earth's broad zone
To make His holy statutes known.

By Jesus sent, they gather in
 With willing mind,
Apostles who shall teach His law
 To all mankind :
Strengthened by God, they conquering go—
 And scorn and rage,
With every threatening host, in vain
 Their powers engage ;
Strengthened by God they conquering go—
And in His name, great works they do.

Heaven sheds on you its gracious showers,
Oh ye, who favor Zion's towers !
And see ! her light, with cheering ray,
Pours on the heathen's darkened day.
With joy they serve the Lord—and now
The world that once had learned to bow
Beneath the idols' galling yoke,
Hath from her evil bondage broke :
Long time forgetful—see her learn
Her great Creator to discern !
And through a Saviour's merit, claim
To call Him by a Father's name.

And now an entrance large, is given
 With Christ to be,—
Glad citizens of Zion—guests of heaven,
 Eternally.

And oh, our Father, God ! let us enjoy
Blessing and bliss ;
Whilst trusting in thy love, our faith, with sight,
Companion is ;—
Thus shall our thankful voices raise
For rich delights like these, the sacred song of praise.
SCHLEGEL.

Thus we are brought to the feast of Pentecost, the morrow after the seventh sabbath from the Passover feast, the first day of the week. I say again, can there be any doubt that the type of the first fruits here mentioned finds its antitype in the gathering of the first-fruits of the spiritual harvest, in the conversion of about three thousand souls by the preaching of St. Peter on the day of Pentecost—"begotten," as St. James says, "by the word of truth, to be a *kind* of first fruits of his creatures"—predicted, as the Israel of God, to be holiness to the Lord, the first fruits of His increase"—and called in Revelation, the first fruits unto God and the Lamb ?

CUMMINS.

The Stars.

"WHEN I CONSIDER THY HEAVENS, THE WORK OF THY FINGERS, THE MOON
AND THE STARS, WHICH THOU HAST ORDAINED."—PSALM VIII. 3.

Oh realm of Stars ! Oh silver light !
That breaks through darkening clouds of night,
In you; a picture fair I see,
Of your Creator's majesty,
Of Him whose hand hath strewn the sky,
And placed each glittering gem on high :
A holy spectacle appears—
My soul is ravished with the spheres.
And now, oh Lord ! in worship low,
To Thee with prostrate knee I bow ;
I feel Thy presence—Thou whose voice
Hath bid each radiant orb rejoice ;
I feel thy presence—as I turn
To gaze on worlds that round me burn ;
Unnumbered hosts, where thought in vain,
Would strive their Maker's seat to gain.
I soar through boundless fields of space—
My vision scans the wondrous place,

Where in creation's ample hall
I see from far, this earthly ball,
Which only as a point of light
In dim perspective, meets my sight.
Again through thousand worlds I range,
My spirit feels the impress strange
And visits in each bright abode,
The common children of our God,
The dwellers by His finger made ;
And by a Father's eye surveyed,
Blessed in their borders with a sense
Of His paternal providence.
Oh God ! how fair, with light divine,
On mortal dust, thy glories shine,
Yet how shall words thy praise proclaim,
Or speak the wonders of thy name !
My soul adoring, bows to thee,
And silent, owns thy majesty.

What field for enthusiasm can be named in comparison with the innumerable and ever-burning stars—the first objects which attract the eyes of children, who send up their sweetest smiles, and up-lift their tiny hands to pluck them down as playthings,—the beloved of solitary shepherds, who, lying on the hill-side, try to count them in their multitudes, call them by names of their own, love those “watchers and holy ones,” as if they were companions and friends,

and sometimes exclaim, with the great shepherd King of Israel, "when I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ; what is man ?"

GILFILLAN.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

"I am the light of the world." A great teacher of the Greek Church is very earnest that we should not limit "the world" here, to that world which we inhabit, but should give the word a wider, and as he believes, its proper extension. Christ is the light he urges, not of this world, but of all worlds ; the unity of that creation of God, whereof this world is only a province, demanding that not man only, but all the hierarchy of heaven, angels, principalities and powers, should behold the glory of the Father in the Son, that in his light they should see light ; so that to refuse or reject Him, is to put ourselves out of harmony with all creation, with the moral law not of this only, but of all worlds. I will not at the present pause to inquire, whether this extended meaning may be justly given to Christ's language here.

TRENCH.

The Christian's Heritage.

"WHILE WE LOOK NOT AT THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN, BUT AT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN: FOR THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."—2. COR. IV. 18.

Come, let us rejoice in our heritage high,
'Tis our own Father-land in the realms of the sky;
Though the tears of the pilgrim may moisten his cheek,
Yet the glance that is upward, of rapture shall speak.

Oh tell me, my brothers! is all we possess
A mortality moulded in perishingness?
And are we not clothed with immortal degree,
As the children of hope and eternity?

And the Saviour ascended—say hath he not given
The boon of a life that is fadeless in heaven?
Then how should despondency shade with her gloom
The spirit that rises unspoiled from the tomb?

Since those who are crowned with a chaplet divine,
Where, encircled in light, does the Amaranth shine,
With a jubilee gush of emotions will glow
At this heritage fair, which our God shall bestow.

Then with visions of hope, which the Spirit elate,
We'll look up to that land where the promises wait,
Yes, for yonder above, in the regions sublime,
Salvation is waiting the children of Time.

'Tis a boon which the mind cannot reach with its powers,
Whilst with joy we exult, "This salvation is ours."
Thou Lord ! who hast finished thy purpose of grace,
Guide those who rejoice in the truth of thy ways ;

Oh lead them, oh lead us to blessedness high,
To the home of the saints in the realms of the sky ;
And united in bonds with our brethren above,
Let us dwell in eternal fruition of love !

KLOPSTOCK.

This inheritance is often called a kingdom, and a crown of glory. This last word may allude to those garlands of the ancients, and this is its property, that the flowers in it are all amaranths, as a certain plant is named, and so it is called, "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." Is it not time to consider whether we be provided with anything surer and better than what we have here ; whether we have any inheritance to go home to after our wandering, or can say with the apostle, "We know that if our house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

LEIGHTON.

Christ is ascended into heaven to teach us, that we are strangers and pilgrims here, as all our fathers were, and that another country belongs unto us ; from whence we, as strangers and pilgrims, should learn to abstain from fleshly lusts, and not mind earthly things ; as knowing that we are citizens of heaven, from whence we look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus ; yea fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. We should trample upon our sins, and subdue the lusts of the flesh, that our conversation may be correspondent to our Saviour's condition ; that where the eyes of the apostles were forced to leave him, thither our thoughts may follow him.

BISHOP PEARSON.

The Beauties of Creation.

THUS SAITH THE LORD, THE HEAVEN IS MY THRONE, AND THE EARTH IS MY FOOTSTOOL;—FOR ALL THOSE THINGS HATH MINE HAND MADE, AND ALL THOSE THINGS HAVE BEEN, SAITH THE LORD: BUT TO THIS MAN WILL I LOOK, EVEN TO HIM THAT IS POOR AND OF A CONTRITE SPIRIT, AND TREMBLETH AT MY WORD.—ISAIAH LXVI. 1. 2.

Rejoice in the beautiful earth !

For well may your spirits rejoice ;
Since God in His might has gone forth
And sown a rich harvest of joys.

This beautiful earth is arrayed
As a footstool of infinite love,
Where wonderful charms are displayed,
And order and harmony move.

Rejoice in the moon and the sun,
In the stars that resplendently glow !
In the round of their orbits they run,
And shine on this valley below.

The God who inhabits on high
Has made them—the work of His hand ;
Like jewels they spangle the sky,
Called out at his potent command.

On the borders—so broad and so fair,
 Of the drapery mantling His throne,
 These brilliants in beauty, appear—
 By His finger of majesty thrown.

And if such be the splendours that move
 Round the footstool and throne of His might,
 Oh, what is the heart of His love
 But a well-spring of blessing and light.

SPITTA.

Oh God ! oh good beyond compare !
 If thus thy meaner works are fair,
 If thus thy glories gild the span
 Of ruined earth and fallen man ;
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

What a glorious world ! I exclaim, as I look up to the alternate clear effulgence and cloudy beauties of the sky, and then over all the vernal charms of the earth. How genuine, how innocent are all these delightful visions. Peace be to thee, candid nature, and thy scenes !—thou art what thou appearest.

J. FOSTER.

Willingly would I pass for a plain old man at all times, more prone to draw a profitable lesson from the works of creation than to indulge in idle ecstasies and useless sentimentality ; but

sometimes the boundless beauty of creation so bursts upon me, so takes me, as it were, by storm, that I cannot do otherwise than surrender up for the moment, my whole being, to the delightful occupation of feasting my eye and my heart on the banquet before me, and of adoring the Almighty hand which has not only spread an intellectual table for me in the wilderness, but given me a keen appetite to relish the repast.

OLD HUMPHREY.

I have often thought, in travelling through their land (the people of Angola), that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth ! yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness as of a fan. Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, and all this flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches, before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

O Powers

Illimitable !—'tis but the outer hem

Of God's great mantle, our poor stars do gem.

EAGLES.

January 20. Rose at five, and began to ascend Table Mountain at six, with S. and M.: I went on chiefly alone. I thought on the christian life ; what up-hill work it is ; and yet there are streams flowing down from the top, just as there was water coming down the Kloof, by which we ascended. Towards the top it was very steep,

but the hope of being soon at the summit encouraged me to ascend very lightly. As the Kloof opened, a beautiful flame-coloured flower appeared in a little green hollow, waving in the breeze. It seemed to be an emblem of the beauty and peacefulness of heaven, as it shall open upon the weary soul when its journey is finished, and the struggles of the deathbed are over. We walked up and down the whole length, which might be between two and three miles; and one might be said to look round the world from this promontory. I felt a solemn awe at the grand prospect, from which there was neither noise nor small objects to draw off my attention. I reflected, especially when looking at the immense expanse of sea on the east, which was to carry me to India, on the certainty that the name of Christ should at some period resound from shore to shore.

HENRY MARTYN.

“Before the foundation of the world.” “Foundation.” In this word is plainly intimated the resemblance of the world to a building; and such a building it is, as doth evidence the greatness of Him who framed it; so spacious, rich, and comely, so firm a foundation, raised to so high and stately a roof, and set with variety of stars, as with jewels, therefore called, as some conceive it, “the work of his fingers,” to express the curious artifice that appears in them.

LEIGHTON.

Consolation for the Night.

"LIGHT IS SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS, AND GLADNESS FOR THE UPRIGHT IN HEART."—PSALM XCVII. 11.

"UNTO THE UPRIGHT THERE ARISETH LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS."—PSALM CXII. 4.

Weep not, child of grief and sadness,
Weep not thou, in life's young day !
Many a joy shall wake thy gladness,
Many a grief shall pass thy way.

What though morn, on gladsome pinion,
Shed her roseate tints from far ;
Weep not, night's sublime dominion
Has its heaven with many a star.

"Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray :
As darkness shews us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

MOORE.

Both day and night open sources of comfort, when Jesus is present, and when Jesus sanctifies. How indeed, my soul, canst thou be otherwise than comfortable while Jesus is with thee, and

manifesting himself unto thee? * * * His loving-kindness, which is better than life itself, will make daylight in the soul, when otherwise it is night. And his love will shine, as the stars in the darkest night sparkle with more lustre, with increasing brightness, when dark providences are around. Nay, Jesus will give songs in the night, when all things else are out of tune.

DR. HAWKER.

Spring.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD." "PRAISE HIM FOR HIS MIGHTY ACTS: PRAISE HIM ACCORDING TO HIS EXCELLENT GREATNESS." "LET EVERY THING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE THE LORD. PRAISE YE THE LORD."—PSALM CL. 1. 2. 6.

Praise God, who made the spring
And dressed the earth in her fair garnishing :
Thy might went forth
And formed the earth,
Thy love sent blessings down—and happiness had birth :
Creatures, your Maker praise !

The land that once lay dead
Waked up and lived again,
And each new day, this world below
Saw blessings fall, like rain :
The worm was glad that life was his,
And all the birds of heaven exulted in their bliss.

The face of earth is young once more,
And heaven's clear splendours glow ;
And hill and vale and wood resound
With joy's exulting flow ;
Whilst he from whom all blessings come,
With pity in his eye,

Looks down upon a world that's framed
By His great potency.

Praise God, for he is near—sing all His hosts ;
The Lord our God is everywhere throughout the coasts
Of earth and heaven and sea—thy name I'll praise,
Almighty God of love, to thee my song I'll raise.

FUNK.

We now rejoice with you in the coming spring, and the warm sunbeams. Although the spring-time of youth is past for us, not so, thank God, the eternal spring, which still grows fresher as we grow older.

I have, to my great delight, just opened the balcony door for the first time this year; and am quite transported with all that the sweet spring breathes, and with all that it reveals to eye and ear. The little birds know not how to leave off singing and rejoicing; and I would sing and rejoice with them. * * * * *

Let your heart beat in sympathy with the renewed spring-time of nature, which makes us young and fresh, and gladsome, like the little tomtits in the oak tree behind my window.

CAROLINE PERTHES.

Hamburg.

See ! Theron, what the cheering warmth and the genial showers of spring have done ! Such a change, so pleasing and so ennobling, the Gospel of Christ introduces into the soul. Not a day, scarce an hour passes, but this season of universal fecundity produces something new. And is there any state, or any circumstance of life, on which the faith of Christ does not exert a similar efficacy, and bring forth fruit unto God ?

HERVEY.

Summer.

"O LORD HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS! IN WISDOM HAST THOU MADE THEM ALL: THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES,"—PSALM CIV. 24.

Around me all is joy—and oh, my God!
Thy world, how fair! in festal garb arrayed;
Mountain and vale, and wood and meadow shine.
How holy is each place! and wheresoe'er
With wandering step I go, my gracious God!
Thy presence still is near. Thee I behold
In every place, in each created thing,
Father of all, I look and gaze on thee!
The garden flowers glittering with morning dew,
Say to my heart, how bounteous is our God!
The murmuring waves with their sweet voices say,
God is the source and well-spring of all good.
The lispings brooks re-echo, Praise the Lord!
See how the ears of corn with blessing full,
Bend low their heads, whilst scarce the slender stem
Bears its rich burthen up,—and here the bees
Their sweet load gather, all to serve mankind,
From God's fair flowers; and there the silkworm spins,
Ere yet she change and rise to life again,—
Her shroud and grave. And oh, our Father God!

With strength and grace crowned as thy attributes,
 How hast thou deigned, as in paternal love,
 To look on man, how multiform thy works,
 In beauty clad, and cast in wondrous mould.
 All that hath life from thine abundance, Lord !
 As thou hast given them richly to enjoy,
 Their food receive ; the mountains and the vales
 Herb for the cattle yield, and wine and bread.
 Far round me all is joy, and oh my soul,
 Rejoice in this, God's universe of charms.
 Rich is he too, in mercy to myself,
 And may my praise resound aloft to him
 Who thus benignly smiles on me—on all,
 In bounteous blessings kind : then let my voice
 With the great concert of created things,
 Sound universal praise ; to thee oh God,
 Thanksgiving and renown—for thou art good !

FEDDERSON.

The summer is come ; she hath said, ' Rejoice !'
 The wild woods thrill to her merry voice ;
 Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high.
 Sing, sing through the echoing sky !

There is joy in the forests ; the bird of night
 Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight ;
 But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given :—
 Sing, sing through the echoing heaven !

MRS. HEMANS.

Autumn.

"THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS; AND THY PATHS DROP
FATNESS.—PSALM LXV. 11.

How rich in joy, in bliss, in blessing,
Oh great Creator! is thy beauteous earth;
In rain and sunshine, and when storms are raging,
The power that holds us up is bodied forth,—
That power which ne'er grows old, but ever new,
Pours down a thousand gifts to meet our raptured view.
From its frail shell for us, the seed-born springs,
And all around,
Are waggons with the fulness of the fields
In plenty crowned,
By thy kind eye surveyed, which from above,
Looks down upon us with paternal love.

The pinions of the wind—
With rain and storm and flood,
The lightnings play,
Thou dost restrain, oh God!
The elements' wild wrath and nature's hour
Are witnesses to thee, touched by thy spirit's power.

New gifts, new blessings does the Autumn bring
Both far and near,
To solace and to cheer ;
The gardens stand in all their bright array,
And painted fruits peer out in colors gay
From their dark shadowy leaves,—
Whilst thy kind favors, in profusion bland
On town and country smile, fresh falling from thy hand. .
Then look we up to heaven, with joy-lit eye,
Whilst mutual love is ours, and praise to thee on high.

Our lives have been prolonged to witness once more within the last few weeks, the wide progress of decay over the field of nature. The infinite masses of foliage, which unfolded so beautifully in vegetable life, in the spring, and have adorned our landscape, have faded, fallen, and perished. We have beheld the grace of the fashion of them disclosed, continuing awhile bright in the sunshine, and gone for ever.

JOHN FOSTER.

And, oh ! in a lovely autumnal day
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee ?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays ?

B. BARTON.

Winter.

"HE GIVETH SNOW LIKE WOOL: HE SCATTERETH THE HOARFROST LIKE ASHES." "HE CASTETH FORTH HIS ICE LIKE MORSELS: WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS COLD?"—PSALM CXLVII. 16. 17.

Winter is here—and none may dare intrude
Within the deep unbroken solitude,
Which spreads unrivalled o'er the vast domain
Where Nature holds her universal reign :—
In lifeless beauty now behold her lie,
Reposing soft in death's white-drapery,
Whilst those fair flowers, her children, gently rest
In deep seclusion on their mother's breast,
Within her close embrace, and dreaming there
Of that bright morning, when in vestments fair,
The Spring resurgent to new life shall rise
And shake the drowsy veil of slumber from her eyes.

Earth, thy fair charms are fled ! thy beauty's zone
With all the glory of thy pride is gone ;
And like some strain funereal to our hearts,
Thy teaching voice its deep-felt truth imparts :
The world's rich wealth is borne on wings away,
Its gifts are passing as the passing day :

Up, up toward heaven thy spirit's gaze must be,
To find eternal grace and majesty.

Let life prepare thee for that blissful sphere,
Think not to make thy home of blessing here ;
Whilst from this earth thy only suit shall be,
Room for this robe of dust in life's extremity.

But when the resurrection morn shall rise
And songs of jubilee salute the skies,
Then shall the grave her sacred trust resign
And give thee back the vestment that was thine.
Thus all things change below—then seek not thou
Thy cup of bliss where time's dark waters flow ;
Far hence to yonder heaven direct thine eye,
Thy blessings shine ascendant in the sky :
Look up, for treasured in the courts above
Salvation dwells,—the Saviour's perfect love.

SPITTA.

Those mountains, covered with perpetual ice ; those rocky pyramids, covered with everlasting snow ; those awful obscure valleys, from which pour down a great number of torrents, among a thousand cascades ; those natural fountains and reservoirs, which surpass by far, everything which the most powerful monarch could procure ; those deserts, whose calmness and solitude is not even interrupted by the song of birds ; those numerous flocks, the image of innocence ; in short, all this has a something moving, splendid, and majestic,—one remembers it with pleasure, and feels, by some secret magic, a desire of returning and renovating such lively ideas by fresh contemplation.

BARON HALLER.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
 Could have recovered greenness ? It was gone
 Quite underground ; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root when they have blown ;
 Where they together,
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

* * * * * *

These are thy wonders, Lord of love !
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide ;
 Which when we once can find and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The bleak wind whistles, snow showers far and near
 Drift, without echo, to the whitening ground ;
 Autumn hath passed, and, cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound.

MRS. NORTON.

But this world is not the christian's resting place : here to the very last he must be a pilgrim and a stranger ; a soldier, whose warfare ends only with life, ever struggling and combating with the powers of darkness, and with the temptations of the world around him, and the still more dangerous hostilities of internal depravity. The perpetual vicissitudes of this uncertain state, the peculiar trials

and difficulties with which the life of a christian is chequered, and still more, the painful and humiliating remembrance of his own infirmities, teach him to look forward almost with outstretched neck, to that promised day when he shall be completely delivered from the bondage of corruption, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. In anticipation of that blessed period, and comparing this churlish and turbulent world, (where competition, and envy, and anger, and revenge, so reek and agitate the sons of men,) with that blissful region where love shall reign without disturbance, and where all, knit together in bonds of indissoluble friendship, shall unite in one harmonious song of praise to the author of their common happiness; the true christian triumphs over the fear of death: he longs to realize these cheering images, and to obtain admission into that blessed company. With far more justice than it was originally used, he may adopt the beautiful exclamation—"O præclum illum diem, cum ad illum divinum animorum concilium cætumque proficiscar, atque ex hæc turba et colluvione discedem."

W. WILBERFORCE.

Some of the most wonderful exhibitions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of Almighty God are to be traced in a simple snow storm. Who does not love to see the snow come down? Perhaps the storm begins at night, having long been brooding and threatening. At first it is a timid sprinkling, but soon increasing fast, the thick snow-flakes fall in earnest. All night the storm prevails, but meanwhile as still and calm as when a white winding-sheet is laid over the body of a departed soul. * * With such amazing infinitude of care and art is this winter vesture of our northern world prepared, and so prepared, that the bright, fleecy, grateful, sheltering cloud comes down upon the earth's bosom even as a bird sinks

with downy warmth upon her nest. It falls like a dream over the frosty earth, as gently as the evening dew upon the summer flowers.

G. B. CHEEVER.

'Twas the cold season when the rustic's eye
From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints
And clouds slow varying their huge imagery.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

My Soul is still in God.

"BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."—PSALM XLVI. 10.

In God my soul is still,
He speaks the waves to peace ;
Let him do with me as he will
Till days on earth shall cease :
He is my Lord, and I his servant stand,
And all is well, appointed by his hand ;
His paths are truth and mercy.

How shall the soul of man,
Untutored by his Lord,
With silent lips his judgments scan
Nor speak one foolish word
In question of the wondrous ways of heaven,
Its high disposals to its children given ;
Nor cavil at his will.

We ask—how this and that,
We sigh—how can it be !
We fret that earth should vex us so
And so unceasingly ;

We murmur and we ask in wonder, why
We meet so undeserved a destiny,
So much below our merits.

Thus do we—and the while
Our God his silence keeps,
Until the grand results display
His wonders of the deeps ;
Then comes at length our own appointed day,
When full of shame we close our lips and lay
Our mouths in dust before him.

Then in true worship bowed
To God, my soul be still !
When in his pleasure, not in thine,
He leads thee as he will ;
And now behold life's darkening journey done,
Thy mouth is opened and thy joys begun
In praising and thanksgiving.

Attend but his delay,
And joy thy powers shall fill,
Nor may one sad regret be thine—
Hushed in thy Saviour's will ;
'Till through a blest eternity, thy voice
Shall sing hosannas, and thy soul rejoice.
Thy God to praise and honour.

SPITTA.

*"Glimpse of the World to come," by George P. Philips,
Edinburgh.*

The very day I was taken ill, I was thinking in the morning, that it was very likely God would punish me soon, for my repeated off-puttings. For some days I found much difficulty in getting near to God or Christ, or the throne. I had much fear in coming, and I could only see God angry in my sufferings. I did not wholly humble myself before God, but excused myself, and complained of his hardness. Much very anxious thought for three or four days—much very deep prayer although I was able to draw near with confidence, through Christ, and to see God merciful, and Christ merciful—and that my sufferings were for my good, that they were sent in love, to wean me from the world, and teach me to think and pray. I was soon able to think with much greater steadiness than before, to see God really with me, Christ beside me, and somewhat to realize the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, now was the time for rooting out sin and examining my heart; but from what motive was sin to be put away:—this weighed much.

I never felt so ill before. I conceive my present state cannot last long: this exhaustion must be a precursor of death; but I lie here, waiting for the issue, without a fear, without a doubt, and without a wish." To a friend who remarked "Many hearts are engaged in prayer for you," he rejoined "In prayer? aye, and I trust in *praise* too,—praise for countless, endless mercies." * * * * The writer was sitting by his bedside, and, on making some enquiries as to what had been lately passing in his mind, and of what at that time more particularly he was thinking, he immediately replied with great animation, "I do't *think* now,—I am *enjoying*." He then expressed his entire surrender of himself to the

will of God, and spoke of his extreme joy in having his own will so completely in unison with that of God; adding, with remarkable emphasis, "He cannot do anything against my will."

CHARLES SIMEON.

It is hard for the survivor, with a heart full of love and yearning, no longer to hear and see the dear departed one. How deeply and vividly I feel this, when with my motherly heart, I think of my beloved children in heaven. I cannot help asking, why our Heavenly Father has appointed these painful partings; and though I receive no answer, I am reassured and comforted by the knowledge that it is His will, and that He wills nothing but good, even where it does not seem so to us.

CAROLINE PERTHES,
Hamburg.

You have been led to ask mournfully,—why all this: why not a calmer dismissal of the prepared and expecting spirit? Why these pains prolonged, or accumulated, or sharpened, when a merciful Father, a compassionate Redeemer, is about to receive the departing and beloved sufferer to his own embrace? To these queries we must accept, and may with reason accept, the Scriptural answer, which has been repeatedly adduced. The beloved sufferer, though an adopted son, is still learning obedience: attaining that last and highest gradation of perfective endurance, which worketh for him "a far more exceeding and eternal glory." The grace by which he endures this final test,—"not charging God foolishly," but trusting in his wise and merciful design, although it be God's own gift, and can afford no shadow of a plea for boasting, shall be "counted worthy" of a rich and "full reward."

Yet there is something strangely illustrious in the fact, that lapsed and renovated creatures acquire a sort of conformity and

communion with the Son of God, which beings that have never suffered cannot be imagined to possess. If there be first a something surpassingly glorious in the peculiarity and condescension of his suffering "for us," there is next a something reciprocally glorious, in the peculiarity and honour of our suffering with Him.

J. SHEPPARD.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

FRANCIS BACON.

Do not be discouraged. God, when educating a soul for himself, suffers it to be tried, tempted, cast down, and sometimes almost destroyed, because man is ever prone to ascribe that praise to himself, which belongs only to his Creator: prone continually to mistake imparted grace for inherent goodness. We see the alternations of assistance given, and assistance withdrawn or

withheld, of affliction and prosperity, a prominent feature in God's dealings with his chosen people, the Jews, whose history shadows forth his dealings with Christians generally. He fed them with manna, and he suffered them to hunger; he brought forth water out of the rock at one time, and at another obliged them to drink of an embittered fountain; now he gave them rest beneath the green palm trees of Elim, and again, made them traverse the great and terrible wilderness. Why these variations? Why this discipline? Why expose them to a painful pilgrimage of forty years, when as many days would have sufficed for their journey into the promised land? Why were they not placed at once in rest, wealth, and happiness? God has told us: it was, said he, addressing the Jews at the close of their wanderings, "to humble thee, and prove thee, to know what was in thine heart;" "without me," says the Saviour, "ye can do nothing," "I can do all things." says St. Paul "through Christ which strengtheneth me:" here we have the same system of discipline applied to us spiritually, which to the Jews had been applied temporally. And why? That no flesh may glory in the presence of the Lord; that vain, proud, erring man, by constantly feeling the weakness of his own strength, may constantly rely upon his Saviour's; that he may be weaned from self-righteous dependance, from ambitious hopes, and forward reasonings, and be thankful to embrace salvation as offered in the gospel, by God in the office of Saviour, to man in his character of sinner.

M. J. JEWSBURY.

The Wonders of the Spring.

"HE CUTTETH OUT RIVERS AMONG THE ROCKS; AND HIS EYE SEETH EVERY PRECIOUS THING." "HE BINDETH THE FLOODS FROM OVERFLOWING; AND THE THING THAT IS HID BRINGETH HE FORTH TO LIGHT."—JOB XXVIII. 10. 11.

See, the winter gone and over!
Snow and rain have passed us by:
Life, whom Death had held his prisoner,
Bursts to new-found liberty.

From its winter slumbers waking,
Now, in each obscured recess,
Nature's every form is breaking
Into finished loveliness.

Spring's own hand itself shall dress her,
Spring with genial breath, is near;
And the admiring heart shall bless her
As she smiles in beauty here.

In the deserts God is breathing
Life and warmth through grove and plain;
And with quickening voice is sounding
Through the graves of nature's reign.

There her streams again are flowing,
There her face with beauty smiles ;
Thousand germs to life are budding
In the vales and on the hills.

Here and there the tender blossoms
Scarce their straightened dwellings break,
And where gentle airs are straying
Wake their asking thoughts to speak.

Music's vocal charms are swelling
From the bird's light-hearted choir,
Yes—'tis spring within our borders ;
Come, ye flowers, to light aspire !

Over all the shout is thrilling,—
Life from death, is waked anew,
And whilst earth puts on her bridals
Softly smile the heavens of blue.

Come, and gaze upon this wonder,
Glad within thy spirit—home !
God doth make his desert blossom
And for thee, the spring is come.

SPITTA.

Consider this beautiful vernal season ; what a gloomy and unpromising scene and season it arises out of ! It is almost like creation from chaos ; like life from a state of death. Again,

how welcome are the early signs and precursory appearances of the spring:—the earlier dawn of the day; a certain cheerful cast in the light, even though still shining through an expanse of desolation! it has the appearance of a smile:—a softer breathing of the air at intervals; the bursting of the buds; the vivacity of the animal tribes; the first flowers of the season; and by degrees, a delicate, dubious tint of green. It needs not that a man should be a poet or a sentimental worshipper of nature to be delighted with all this.

J. FOSTER.

On the day preceding the last anniversary of her betrothal, she wrote;—“To morrow will be my day of days, the first of May; and gladly would I wander with my beloved bridegroom amid the hills and woods, when I might see and hear none but himself, and might thank God, that, after four-and-twenty years, I can keep the day with feelings of the most thorough joy and satisfaction. A few sighs may escape, for my breath is but short; but joy shall be continually renewed: yes, certainly, the woods, the green woods, would be my chosen home; though when I look through the fresh green leaves at the blue waters and the unclouded sky, all is so beautiful that it is only with shame and self-reproach that I can really wish for more. Such a fulness of spring splendour and beauty, I think I have never seen;—the loveliness of the trees and foliage, grass, and flowers, is inexpressible. And this great change from death to life has come to pass in a few days, I might say, in a few hours. When we stand in the sweet spring-tide, looking through the tall, bright, green trees to the pure blue sky, one can scarcely realize all the trouble and sorrow that may be within and around us: yes, spring is the time of joy; and that joy carries my heart upwards to that bright and happy land, where there shall be no more pain or sorrow.

CAROLINE PERTHES.

Comfort in the Robe of Jesus.

"NOW THERE WAS LEANING ON JESUS' BOSOM ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES, WHOM JESUS LOVED.—JOHN XIII. 23.

With calm repose, oh let me lie,
My Saviour, on thy breast ;
That shrine of holy sympathy
For hearts with grief oppress.

My Jesus ! crown of all my joys !
Thy sheltering love extend !
And on the bosom of thy grace
Let all my sorrows end !

Oh what are hearts of earthly mould
To that dear heart of thine ;
It burns with pure, celestial fire,
Ineffable, divine.

Can there be love, unchanged by time !
Unsullied by decay !
Untouched amid the stormy blasts
Of life's eventful day ?

Love, which the cruel shafts of death,
 May strike, yet strike in vain ;
Still in this heritage below
 'Tis mingled all with pain.

Though soft and strong the bonds may be
 Which bind our souls below ;
Yet soon destruction hastes his work
 And death deals out his blow.

Unfathomed are the depths beneath,
 Unscaled the heights above,
That own the empire of thy grace,
 The empire of thy love.

That love, unbought with price, shall stand
 Calm, undisturbed and pure ;
In spite of all the guilt of sin,
 For ever to endure.

Inconstant though our faith may be,
 Unstable and untrue,
Thy love eternally shall flow
 From well-springs ever new.

Beneath thy kind and pitying eye,
 Within thy large embrace ;
The souls that seek thy favouring smile
 Are welcome to thy face.

Yes, for within thy heart of truth
One little place is found ;
A promised refuge for the poor,
A spot of holy ground.

Grant us, oh Lord our God, we pray,
That when our tear-drops flow,
When friendship's form is sear and dead
In this cold world below—

Grant us that then, with peaceful mind,
We lean upon thy breast ;
Whilst thus reposing in thy love,
Our souls indeed are blest.

SPITTA.

From blessed experience we declare that the Messiah is come, and His essence is *Love incarnate*, His Name, *Free Salvation*, and His delight the eternal happiness of the children of men. Upon trials a thousand times successfully repeated, we proclaim him the help of the helpless, the hope of the hopeless, the health of the sick, the strength of the weak, the riches of the poor, the peace of the disquieted, the comfort of the afflicted, the light of those that sit in darkness, the companion of the desolate, the friend of the friendless, the way of the bewildered, the wisdom of the foolish, the righteousness of the ungodly, the justification of the unholy, the redemption of captives, the joy of mourners, the glory of the infamous, and in a word, the salvation of the lost.

J. FLETCHER.

Philosophers have measured mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings;
Walked with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains;
But there are two vast spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove,
Yet few there are that sound them—Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments, bloody be.
Sin is that press and vice which forceth pain,
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice which, on the cross, a pike
Did set abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor, sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine.

HERBERT.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

C. WESLEY.

Rest in God.

From the depths that lie within,
From thyself, thou seek'st in vain,
Vainly seek'st thou
Light and peace and joy to gain.

Then unto the fount repair !
Of our life the inmost spring,
Haste thy footsteps,
From thy God thy fulness bring !

Where thy being had its birth
Let thy seeking spirit flee !
Thy first solace
Rest in God himself shall be.

But alas ! thou canst not go,
And beneath his wing abide ;
Sin divides thee
From a loving Father's side.

See the Saviour's hand of love,
And his arm extended, see !
Whilst he lifts thee,
In his heavenly courts to be.

He, thy mediator, comes,
 He redeems thee from the fall ;
Thus removing
 Sin, thy soul's partition-wall.

Life, thy great Creator gave,
 Life, my Saviour now bestows ;
And the Spirit
 To thee in His fulness flows.

He, the Holy Ghost, appears
 Through life's vale thy guide to be,
And to bring thee
 Gifts of grace abundantly.

Hearts-ease suited to thy need,
 In His rich supply, He brings ;
Truth's pure essence,
 Strength, in all its solacings.

He each holy purpose gives,
 He will speak in whispers mild ;
He will teach thee
 How thy Father loves his child.

At the fountain-head of life
 Dost thou gaze with joy-lit eye,
Though life's vapors,
 'To a blest eternity ?—

Art thou in God's favour, blest,
Reconciled and crowned with love,
And enjoying,
Earth-bound here, bright hopes above ?

In thyself and in the world,
Seek not then thy rest to find ;
Downy couches
Ill can soothe the toil-worn mind.

Though thou place the infant head
In the softest cot to lie,
Though thou hush him
With thy sweetest lullaby.

Softer would that head repose
On a mother's breast the while,
Still slumbers
Would his new-born sense beguile.

Where, his being's solace sweet,
First the draught of life is his,
Gently swelling
All the streams of infant bliss.

Thus to God, my spirit, turn !
With each weight of woe opprest ;
He shall give thee,
He alone can give thee rest.

SPITTA.

It would be interesting, perhaps, to enter into a particular analysis of the mental state to which our attention is directed in these remarks. But without attempting to do this, we may properly remark here, that the state of mind which is described as meekness or quietness of spirit, is characterized in a very high degree, by inward harmony. When the judgment is rendered clear by religious influences, when the appetites are subdued, when the various propensities and affections, once rebellious and conflicting, are each and all in their place, operating where they ought to operate, and not operating where they ought not to operate; the mind not only presents the aspect of rest and quietness, but is obviously in harmony with itself; without which indeed, the state of rest could not exist. The love of God is restored to its position, as the controlling principle; and every natural desire and affection is exercised in subordination to it. There is not that inward jarring which had formerly existed; thought in conflict with thought, passion contending with passion, or conscience asserting rights which it could not maintain. "Disorderly passions," says Matthew Henry in his interesting discourse on meekness and quietness of spirit,—“are like stormy winds in the soul; they toss and hurry it, and often strand and overset it, they move it *as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind* ;”—it is the Prophet's comparison, and is an apt emblem of a man in a passion. Now meekness restrains these winds, says to them—Peace be still, and so preserves a calm in the soul, and makes it conformable to Him who has the winds in His hand, and is ever to be praised, that even the stormy winds fulfil his word.

T. C. UPHAM.

The men of this infidel generation, whose every faculty is so bedimmed by the grossness of sense, that they cannot lay hold of the realities of faith, and cannot appreciate them,—to them the barriers we have now insisted on, which lie in the way of man taking God into his love, and of God taking man into his acceptance, may appear to be so many faint and shadowy considerations, of which they feel not the significancy; but to the pure and intellectual eye of angels, they are substantial obstacles, and One Mighty to save had to travail in the greatness of his strength, in order to move them away. The Son of God descended from heaven, and he took upon him the nature of man, and he suffered in his stead, and he consented that the whole burden of offended justice should fall upon him, and he bore in his own body on the tree the weight of all those accomplishments by which his Father behoved to be glorified; and after having magnified the law, and made it honourable by pouring out his soul unto the death for us, he went up on high, and by an arm of everlasting strength, levelled that wall of partition which lay across the path of acceptance, and thus it is that the barrier on the part of God is done away, and he, with untarnished glory, can dispense forgiveness over the whole extent of a guilty creation, because he can be just, while he is the justifier of them who believe in Jesus.

DR. CHALMERS.

I had a deep peace, a peace which seemed to pervade my whole soul. A peace which resulted from the fact, that all my desires were fulfilled in God, I desired nothing; feared nothing; willed nothing; I feared nothing, considered in its *ultimate results and relations*, because my strong faith placed God at the head of all perplexities, and all events.

LADY GUION.

See, *Pardon for lost sinners* is written, with pointed steel and streaming blood, on his pierced hands and feet ! The double flood issuing from his wounded side, more than seals the dear-bought blessing: the handwriting against us is nailed to his cross and blotted out with his precious blood: his open arms invite, draw, and welcome returning prodigals ; and there encircled, the worst of sinners may find a safe and delightful retreat, a real and present heaven.

J. FLETCHER.

Weep not for me.

"BUT JESUS TURNING UNTO THEM SAID, DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM, WEEP NOT FOR ME, BUT WEEP FOR YOURSELVES, AND FOR YOUR CHILDREN."—LUKE XXIII. 28.

For Jesu's agony and death,

Oh, weep not ye !

Weep rather, that engulphed in sin,

Your souls should be ;

Jesus is all immaculate—

For you he bore the curse and wounds of direful hate.

Companions of his cross !

In vain your tear-drops fall ;

And what avails it to behold

Death's dark and shadowy pall !

In vain ye lift the loud lament

Where the Redeemer's soul was spent,

If ne'er ye raise the enquiring sigh—

For whom, and wherefore did he die ?

Could there no sin be found

In David's rightful son ?

And say—is death alone the meed

By sinners won ?

Whilst stripes unmerited, he bore,
And by his death, he stooped, the guilty to restore.

Oh then, for whom was waged
This unexampled strife ?
For whom did Jesus, on the cross,
Pour out his life ?—
For you, his brethren—for you—
Was Jesus bathed in death's cold dew.
And now, your Lord of spotless mould,
Perfect in suffering, you behold ;
Yes—well might tears of anguish flow
At this dread scene of sacred woe.

But when, with heart-felt grief
Your sins ye rue,
Beholding in the Saviour's pangs,
Their merit due ;
Oh then shall He whose soul
With aspect mild,
Endured for enemies, the curse,
As sorrow's child,—
Speak to your hearts—with mercy in his eye,
And bid the fountain of your tears be dry.

SPITTA.

Was not your Lord and Master haled from the priests to Herod, and before Pontius Pilate, and spit upon? He was hated, and spit upon for thee. Did he not go to prison for thee? And was he not mocked and scourged for thee? Did he not bow to the cross and grave for thee, he who had no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth? And did he not bear thy sins in his own body upon the tree? And was he not scourged for thee, "by whose stripes we are healed." Did he not suffer "the contradiction of sinners"? Who died for sinners, and went into the grave for sinners, and died for the ungodly, yea tasted death for every man; who, through death, destroyed death, and the devil, the power of death, and is risen,—for death and the grave could not hold him; and the powers and principalities, with all their guards and watches, could not hold him within the grave; but he is risen, and is ascended, far above all principalities, powers, thrones, and dominions; and is set down at the right hand of God, and remaineth in the heavens till all things be restored; and he is restoring with his light, grace, truth, power, spirit, faith, gospel, and word of life: so that you read of some that came to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

GEORGE FOX.

Determine, as St. Paul, to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified. Consider the inexpressible value and inconceivable efficacy of his precious, all-atoning blood. It is the blood of the sacred body, assumed by the eternal Logos, when "He appeared in the likeness of sinful flesh," both as a victim and a priest, to suffer the penalty of His own righteous law for us, and to "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself:" the blood of "the Lamb of God," slain to sprinkle many nations; the blood of that mysterious being, who fills the "bosom of the Father," and the everlasting throne; at whose feet all the heavenly powers cast their crowns;

and to whom in the midst of the acclamations and adorations of "an innumerable company of angels," in the midst of "sounding trumpets, thunderings, lightnings, and voices; the spirits of just men made perfect, ascribe salvation,"—free, full, immensely dear-bought "salvation:" and, to say all in one word, it is "the blood of God made manifest in the flesh."

J. FLETCHER.

It is the moral design of the cross which gives it all its efficacy as a doctrine. Thus it creates us anew. In consequence of its own native virtue it accomplishes our salvation, by removing that consciousness of guilt, which makes us desire that "God would depart from us," and keeps us at a distance from him. What did the apostles intend when they set forth Jesus Christ and him crucified? Was it for the purpose of presenting a tragical spectacle before the eyes of men, or merely to exhibit an illustrious example of patience and suffering fortitude? No, my brethren; it was the only name "given under heaven among men, whereby they must be saved." They presented that blood as it there flowed warm from his veins, as the blood which cleanseth from all sin; as the blood which is to be received by faith; as the blood which offered peace "speaking better things than that of Abel," as the blood by which the thunders of the law were hushed: which was shed for the purpose of harmonizing the Divine attributes and uniting guilty creatures to the Eternal Majesty, in bonds of perfect amity and everlasting alliance.

ROBERT HALL.

Life and full enjoyment in Christ.

"BECAUSE OF THE SAVOUR OF THY GOOD OINTMENTS THY NAME IS AS OINTMENT POURED FORTH, THEREFORE DO THE VIRGINS LOVE THEE."—CANT. 3.

Jesus, my sun! before whose eye,
Night and her shades of darkness fly;
Jesus, my pure delight, my bliss,
Thou who canst banish each distress;
Within my heart, from day to day,
Thy name is heard melodiously:
Oh, how does love untold, like thine,
Thou Son of God! on sinners shine.

Deep through my soul an influence steals;
A heavenly breath its power reveals;
And ever in my inmost ear,
It speaks in whispers soft and clear:
To God let all thy wishes tend,
In him let each ambition end.
What though the world for me no more
Retain each fondly-cherished store,
With pure devotion I resign
For Christ, my Lord, what once was mine:

Beside this pearl of costly worth,
How sordid were the spoils of earth :
Well pleased these glittering charms I flee,
All that beguiles my soul from Thee !

Apart from thee, my Saviour Lord,
What virtue can my life afford ?
My being's element thou art,
The life-blood of this throbbing heart.
Since thus I live—without avail,
Shall death my settled peace assail :
Then what can harm me or dismay—
Since thou hast washed my sins away.
No more shall pain or suffering spread
Their vapouring damps around my head ;
For legion-bands like their's shall never
From Christ, his dear disciple sever ;
Nor earthly cross have power to move
My spirit from its home in love.

Thou well-spring of eternal bliss,
Thou Fountain-head of blessedness !
When I can claim thee for my own,
Then joys and sorrows all are one ;—
In truth my riches are not mean,
Though on a beggar's staff I lean ;
For wealthy as a king am I
In faith's abounding treasury.

If here such sweet delights I taste,
Of heaven the blissful antepast,
What will the full fruition be
When each enfeebling sense shall flee !
Then death himself a blessing gives,
And grace her rich reward receives ;
A heavenly heritage is mine,
A kingdom and a crown divine.
Dear Lord, upon my soul impress
This signet-word of holiness,
That I without thy love, am lost,
A hopeless wreck on ocean tost ;
But thou, with saving grace hast come
And called my wandering spirit home,
To anchor in a port of rest—
The faithful haven of thy breast.

SPITTA.

We must trust as little children, then we shall not live in dread.
How strange that Christians should be afraid of diseases, accidents
by railway, and such things, when God is always with them.

DR. GORDON.

“And it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which
moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live.”—Ezek. 47. 9.
Listen to this promise, my soul, and make it the subject of this
morning's meditation, of this day, and every day. See how rich,
how extensive, it is in the life-promising power ; and the river of

life in Jesus possesseth all these blessed effects. To every poor sinner, brought into this rich stream, it gives life, spiritual life, eternal life. And who shall describe the length, the breadth, the heights, the depths, of it? Not only extending over all the continent of the earth, but from the borders of hell to heaven, and from one eternity to another. And its sovereignty is such that it bears down all before it—washing away sin, and guilt, and misery; diffusing streams of life, and grace, and mercy; opening sources of joy, and peace, and happiness, for ever and ever. Oh! precious, precious Jesus! make glad my soul with the streams of this river: be thou the fountain of all my happiness, and all my springs be in thee.

HAWKER.

On the 22nd of July, he unexpectedly broke out into the following words: "O mother, how happy I am! The Lord Jesus will certainly take me either to-night or to-morrow morning, and will accompany me himself through the valley of the shadow of death." He then said to his father, who was just returned from the field, and wondered at the cheerfulness of the dying child, "Oh how rich I am! God is my father, Jesus is my brother, and I am a child of God! I shall inherit a whole kingdom! How poor am I and yet how rich. With my bodily eyes I can scarcely see you any longer, but I behold Jesus more clearly. I must now leave you and leave you willingly. * * *

JONAS EILERS.

Messengers to the Heathen.

"GO YE THEREFORE, AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST:"

"TEACHING THEM TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER I HAVE COMMANDED YOU: AND, LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD."
—MATTHEW XXVIII. 19. 20.

Ye messengers of Christ,
By him commissioned forth
To preach Salvation through the bounds
Of utmost Earth :
To bid the blind their Saviour see,
The dead to wake—
Thrice blessed ministers are ye
For his dear sake.
Strike onwards through the depths
Where darkness reigns,
Where brooding horror o'er the gloom
Her hold maintains.
Your gifts of faith and love shall be
Crowned by your Lord with victory.
Lift high the banner of the cross
Where shines the Saviour's name,
That heathen lands with subject mind
May own his matchless fame ;

To all the world a witness be
Of the Redeemer's majesty
That he must conquer and that they
Or soon or late must pass away.

Ye wrestlers strong in Faith !
 No glittering sword is yours,
No blandishments to grace the fight
 Your mastery ensures :
Press on, press on with conquering hand,
 Assert Messiah's wide command.

The earth is his, and he alone
Maintains his universal throne ;
 He who has sent you forth
 Will help you through,
Your King is ever at your side
 With succour true ;
And though as sheep among the wolves are ye,
Yet shall ye walk with joy amid his pastures free.

A kindling zeal, a glowing love
Have bade your willing footsteps move ;
These both commissioned from on high
Have touched your spirit's ministry ;
Have bade you tell with message true
What Christ your Lord has done for you,
And to each brother's ear proclaim
The virtue of a Saviour's name.

Then seek not honour, glory, wealth,
As yours to be,
No, but the precious blood that flowed
On Calvary.

Oh then with gladsome heart receive
The shame and scorn that worldlings give ;
Rejoice when every land shall be
Filled with a Saviour's majesty.
Rejoice and triumph that your fame
Should lie in dust for Jesu's name ;
Rejoice to stand with open gate,
Where enters, Israel's King with state.

Hosannahs to the Lord
Let thousand voices sing,
Now that our night of pain is past
Shall joy's loud anthem ring !
Let all the far-off kingdoms come
In concourse to their heavenly home,
And there shall thousand, thousand knees
In worship bend
Before the mighty Son of God,
The sinner's friend :
This—faithful witnesses ! shall be
The sweet reward to crown your work and ministry.

"The Lord" now sends you forth to his servants among the heathen,—yea to the heathen themselves,—with your hands laden with the fruits of his love in your hearts, to dispense to them, as you have done to me and thousands in this land, his own gifts. May he keep you as diligent and upright and humble and persevering, with all faith, and hope, and charity whither you are going, as where you have been! and may not only the living in the uttermost parts of the earth, but generations unborn, rise up to call you blessed, blessed of the Lord,—for to Him give all the glory;—with as much reason as I do at this day, and as I shall do when I meet you at the judgment seat of Christ.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Soldier go—but not to claim

Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,

Not to build a vaunting name,

Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.

Dream not that the way is smooth,

Hope not that the thorns are roses;

Turn no wishful eye of youth,

Where the sunny beam reposes,

Thou hast sterner work to do—

Hosts to cut thy passage through;

Close behind thee gulfs are burning—

Forward; there is no returning.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

April 15th.—O may God confirm my feeble resolutions! O what have I to do but labour, and pray, and fast, and watch for the salvation of my soul, and those of the heathen world. Ten thousand times more than ever do I feel devoted to that precious work. O gladly shall this base blood be shed, every drop of it, if India can be benefited in one of her children—if but one of these children of God Almighty might be brought home to his duty.

HENRY MARTYN.

A Prayer.

"BY THIS SHALL ALL MEN KNOW THAT YE ARE MY DISCIPLES, IF YE HAVE LOVE ONE TO ANOTHER."—JOHN XIII. 35.

Thou who in that last night
Before thy passion, didst in converse high
To thy disciples teach the wondrous worth
Of mighty love ;—Oh ! do thou now remind
Thy church and company,—hearts all too prone
To sever from each other, bid them learn
That thy last care when sojourning below
Was that thy members should in oneness dwell.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Our trust in the Almighty is, that with us, contentions are at the highest float, or that the day will come (for what cause of despair is there ?) when the passions of former enmity being allayed, we shall, with ten times redoubled tokens of our unfeignedly redoubled love, show ourselves each towards other, the same which Joseph and the brethren of Joseph were at the time of their interview in Egypt. Our comfortable expectation and most thirsty desire whereof, what man soever amongst you shall any way help to satisfy, (as we truly hope there is no one amongst you but some way or other will,) the blessings of the God of peace, will in this world and in the world to come, be upon him more than the stars of the firmament in number.

RICHARD HOOKER.

If we love one another with pure hearts fervently, we shall love God supremely.

J. MONTGOMERY.

While we walk with God in light
God our hearts doth still unite ;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love :
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

J. WESLEY.

Hymn on Christ's Passion.

"WHO HIS OWN SELF BARE OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BODY ON THE TREE, THAT WE, BEING DEAD TO SINS, SHOULD LIVE UNTO RIGHTEOUSNESS: BY WHOSE STRIPES YE WERE HEALED."—1 PETER II. 24.

Clothe me oh Lord, with strength ! that I may dwell
Upon thy passion—and may ponder well

Its import high ;

And bathe my spirit in that sea of love

Which did thee move

Our sinful souls to save from guilt and misery.

With God the Father, one,

'Twas Thine on earth, to put our nature on

Clothed in a garb of frail mortality :

Then on the cross, in death

Didst thou pour out thy breath,

To suffer in our stead that mortal agony,

And bearing thus our guilt, our substitute to be.

Oh, work supreme of wonder and of grace !

On thee I muse :

And when in thought thy mysteries I trace,

My captive powers entranced, their aid refuse—

My very heart bounds high when themes like these I choose.

And here I learn a lesson, and behold
 The curse of sin :
While God is just, and will in wrath avenge
 Each evil thing—
That God is love, and doth the world redeem
 From perishing.
 Enraptured and in dread,
 As round the cross I tread,
My soul this truth receives, and droops her feeble wing.

I there behold my merit and my pride
 Together slain :
He stabs me to the heart—and then he lifts
 His child again :
He shows me my high calling, and transforms
 This breast of mine,
So that a foe no longer, I exclaim—
 Lord, I am thine !

Oh God of my salvation ! in thy blood
 My soul believes ;
Grant that whilst here before thee, in the dust
 Thy creature lives,
 My thankful heart may bear her part,
And praise thee for the grace which thus my soul receives.

Oh scene surpassing thought ! our finite ken
 Searches in vain ;

By faith alone these hidden paths are trod—
Else who such steeps would dare, and seek to find out God.

His dearest attributes are love and grace

In concert joined :

Whilst low in adoration bowed, we trace

Their lines combined,

And praise those glorious heights, where mercy sits
enshrined.

Oh gracious Lord !

Send down thy holy spirit from above,

To teach this heart,

That I with honor due, thy sacred cross may view,

And at the voice of love, her hallowed ways pursue.

When earth-born pains distress,

And crosses vex my soul,

I will not yield to sorrow's wave

Its large control ;

No rather will I serve my Saviour God,

Who, to redeem my soul, that thorny pathway trod.

To choose the good—the evil to eschew,

Thy sufferings teach, Oh Lord !

How can I walk in sin, and still believe thy word ?

Since Christ, himself hath given,

To lift our souls to heaven,

Thou stubborn will !

How can this heart of mine thy vain behests fulfil ?

And oh ! my heart exclaims,
I would not choose but love
The brother who thy pitying claims ;
Whilst from above,
The merits of thy blood shall his redemption prove.

I will not for reproaches, render back
The angry word,
Since thou our Holy Head, in silence meek
The accuser heard.

A breast that's pure oh Lord !
Is fruit of love like thine,
And God the Father gives us strength
That in thy name divine,
As subjects of thy cross, we in thy light should shine.

Oh everlasting bliss—Thou leadst us on
To perfect good,
Thou on the cross hast my salvation wrought
With thy own blood ;
Here I rejoice in faith—but yonder world
Above the skies,
Shall give a crown of glory and of life,
That never dies.

GELLERT.

To be happy—fixedly happy—the soul must bathe in deeper streams than those of earth—affiliation with God through his Son, warmth of love, personal yet pure and distinct from cold abstraction, are the healthiest nourishment of the soul. Men find this out with but a short experience of the world, and the farther they go, the farther they prove it; and far and wide it reigns a general truth.

WHITMORE WINSLOW.

But though I was so much blessed, I was not conscious of any merit, nor tempted to any suggestions of merit in myself. Indeed I seemed to be so united with God, so made one with the centre and sun of all good, that my thoughts did not easily turn upon myself as a distinct object of reflection, and consequently, it would not have been an easy thing for me to attach to myself the ideas of desert or merit.

LADY GUION.

As the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, when viewed by the wounded Israelites, was the only means by which the poison of the fiery serpents could be expelled, and health restored to their tortured, dying bodies; so Jesus lifted up on the cross, when beheld by the eye of faith, as bleeding and dying in our stead, is the only way by which sin, the sting of death, can be extracted out of our guilty, perishing souls; the only antidote that can restore us to saving health and eternal life.

J. FLETCHER.

He has become man, and as man he has suffered for us—he who was God, and as God had that to pay which we had forfeited and could not pay. Here is the only foundation of real peace for every heart which knows its own deep capacities of joy, and its yet deep need of purification and atonement. He has suffered, and

therefore, I am free. His humanity is my very ransom ; it stands between me and my sin—between my sin and the just wrath of a holy God. Again ; in this, to every faithful soul, is the best assurance of the infinite compassion of the Lord. He who stooped so low to save us, when we knew him not, will not, cannot leave us to perish, when we seek his mercy. Here, again, is that which assures us of our Saviour's sympathy amidst all the trials and harassing perplexities of life. From the everlasting Son of the eternal Father, clothed in majesty, robed in light unapproachable, creating the universe, ruling over hosts of heaven, we seemed too infinitely distant to count on sympathy : but on the virgin-born, on the Son of David, or the man of sorrows, on the human nature of our Lord, our wounded souls can rest their anguish, our tempted souls can stay their weakness ; for he too was “perfected through suffering,” yea, he can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points “tempted like as we are.”

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

Our Lord, however, continually informs us of the spontaneity of his sufferings for us : I came, I am *content*, I *delight* to do thy will. He *gave* himself : he laid down his own life : he showed that divine alacrity in going to the sacrifice, which the heathen considered a most propitious circumstance. If the victim was dragged reluctantly to the altar, it was regarded by them as a bad omen. But no victim, either human or animal, suffered so freely as the blessed Saviour in this great transaction.

ROBERT HALL.

Patience.

"FOR YE HAVE NEED OF PATIENCE, THAT, AFTER YE HAVE DONE THE WILL OF GOD, YE MIGHT RECEIVE THE PROMISE."—HEB. X. 36.

There goes a noiseless angel forth,
Throughout this world below ;
Commissioned to assuage the tide
Of every human woe ;
Commissioned high of God, is he
To work his gentle ministry.

His eye with kind expressiveness,
Of sacred peace can tell ;
And grace and soft compassion, there
In sweet accordance dwell :—
Oh, follow him, with stedfast aim,
This angel—Patience is his name.

He leads thee on through life's rough paths,
A trusty guide and true—
He speaks, with joy's prophetic glance,
Of golden days in view,—
Art thou disheartened at the way ?
His strength thy faltering steps shall stay !

He helps the Saviour's cross to bear,
And makes each present thing
A happy messenger of good,
With blessing on its wing ;
He softens sorrow's keenest smart,
And humbles the rebellious heart.

With certain touch thy wounds he heals—
But thou must wait his hour !
He bears thy weakness, yet each pulse
Must feel his chastening power ;
Thy tears he chides not, but the while
His comforts shall thy woes beguile.

He makes thy dark and shadowy skies
Once more, as noontide clear ;
And when the tempest in its rage
Disturbs thy atmosphere,
And murmuringly, thou askest why ?
Smiling, but mute, he points on high.

So does he journey at thy side—
He little loves to speak ;
He dwells where visions fair and high,
Around his spirit break :
That glorious bourne, those visions fair—
The crown of all his joys is there !

SPITTA.

I saw moreover in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room where sat two children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and of the other Patience : Passion seemed to be much discontent, but Patience was very quiet. * * * * Then said Christian to the Interpreter, explain this matter more fully to me. So he said, these two lads are figures, Passion, of the men of this world, and Patience, of the men of that which is to come. For as thou seest, Passion will have all now, this year, that is to say, in this world, so are the men of this world : they must have all their good things now, they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is of more authority with them, than all the divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But, as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but rags ; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world. Then said Christian, now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts ; because he stays for the best things ; and also because he will have the glory of his, when the other has nothing but rags * * * I perceive it is not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

BUNYAN.

When we contrast our merits with our mercies, how mean are the one, and how manifold are the other ; and when we compare our sufferings with our enjoyments, it is to our reproach that a word of repining should ever escape from our lips. Whatever may be, afflicted christian, the weight of thy trouble, it was not placed upon thee without the knowledge of thy heavenly Father ; submit thyself to his almighty will. Bear thy cross now patiently, and

after awhile thou shalt wear thy crown triumphantly. Take up thy trial without murmuring, and thou shalt soon take up thy timbrel with rejoicing, in agreement with the words of holy writ : " For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

OLD HUMPHREY.

Advent Hymn.

"AND THEY SHALL CALL HIS NAME EMMANUEL, WHICH BEING INTERPRETED IS, GOD WITH US."—MATT. I. 23.

Immanuel ! Thy praise we sing !
Of every grace Thyself the spring !
Oh thou, the fairest flower of heaven !
To Thee our votive song is given.
Hallelujah.

Thou art the Prince of Life—and Thou
The Star that shines in morning's glow ;
Whilst yet to thee, the Lord of Lords,
Each heart a note of praise accords.
Hallelujah.

To sing Thee, Lord ! with all Thy host,
Shall be our soul's unceasing boast,
That Thou, oh long-expected Guest !
Hast come at length, to make us blest.
Hallelujah.

Since first this wondrous world was made,
And deep its grand foundations laid ;
How many a heart has waked to Thee
Throughout Time's lengthened dynasty !
Hallelujah.

How many a prophet, priest and seer
Has watched to see thy dawn appear !—
But first amid the waiting band
Does Israel's King and Shepherd stand,
Hallelujah.

Who strung his psaltery's sweetest tone
To make its music all thy own ;
And Thou well-pleased, didst lend an ear
And deign his sacred strains to hear :
Hallelujah.

How Christ from Zion came, and broke
Our bondage, with its galling yoke,
And brought us help, which made the voice
Of Jacob's chartered sons rejoice.
Hallelujah.

Now Thou art with us—and Thy head
In yon low manger finds a bed ;
Now thou art small, of low estate,
Yet all to make Thy people great.
Hallelujah.

Thou, who didst clothe the worlds, we see
Revealed in unclothed infancy ;
To Thee a strange abode is given—
Whilst Thine is all the host of heaven.
Hallelujah.

Exalted in Thy high renown,
Of angel bands the joy and crown ;
Behold Thee stoop—to make Thy rest
Upon an earthly mother's breast.

Hallelujah.

Thou, the sweet Friend of man, didst find
Full many a foe in human-kind ;
Thy advent, Herod saw with fear,
Yet Thou didst bring salvation near.

Hallelujah.

But I Thy humble servant, Lord !
I speak with all my soul's accord,—
I love Thee, yet with not that heart
Which soon shall choose the better part.

Hallelujah.

The will is mine, the power is weak,
Yet shall my faithful spirit seek
In grace accepted, to fulfil
As best she may, Thy holy will.

Hallelujah.

And though I am with sin replete,
And love not as to love were meet,
Yet therefore Thou to earth didst come,
To gather wandering sinners home.

Hallelujah.

Oh then, no more Thy face I'll dread,
Since all my doubts and fears are fled ;
Thou who didst bear the scorn, art He
Who trampled death in victory.
Hallelujah.

And Thou dost hush our grief and pain
To waken Joy's exulting strain ;
Then glad hosannahs I will bring,
For ever more Thy praises sing,
Hallelujah.

And yonder, in those halls on high
Where reigns thy glorious majesty,
My voice with rapture's loftiest swell,
On boundless, countless themes shall dwell.
Hallelujah.

PAUL GERHARDT.

Not "Son of Man," but "Son of David," was the popular name for the expected Messiah among the Jews. Others in the early Church, and among the Reformers, have understood him to claim by this title participation in the human nature. No doubt he claimed this ; but he claimed much more ; he took this name (a name already given him in the Old Testament, Dan. viii. 13,) as he who alone realized the idea of man,—as the second Adam, who, unlike the first, should maintain his position as the head and representative of the race,—as the one true and perfect flower which had ever unfolded itself out of the root and stalk of humanity.

R. C. TRENCH.

He, (the Son of God) cared not, that he must for a season, abdicate the throne, and resign the government of the universe; that he must wrap up his conditions within the bounded sphere of a creature; that man's puny strength must be his measure; and man's penetrable and suffering frame, the continent of his being; that his spirit too, must take on human affections, and his body be afflicted with human wants; nor that hell and hell's sovereign should be loosed against him, those of his own household become traitors, those he died for, his executioners, death, his portion, and the grave, his abode. Nor did he care that during the hottest of this fiery trial, his Father should cloud his face and withdraw his countenance, and leave him to tread the winepress of sorrow alone, and roll his garment in his blood. Oh what is this we speak of? Can it be that the Creator should take the fashion of a creature, dwelling upon the ungrateful earth he made, in want of a morsel of its bread, and a cup of its waters, to satisfy his hunger and his parching thirst, calling upon the creatures he formed and fed, for their charity, their pity, their justice, and denied by the unnatural children whom his hand did form!

EDWARD IRVING.

Though he (the Messiah) was the Creator of men and angels, he vouchsafed to be born of a woman, that we the wretched offspring of degenerate Adam might be born again, born of God. Though he had stretched forth the heavens, like a curtain, and bespangled them with stars innumerable, he wrapped himself in the scanty, fading garment of our flesh, and put on the veil of our miserable humanity, that we might be invested with the glory and communicable perfections of the divine nature. Though he was the King of kings, and Lord of lords, he did not disdain to take upon him the form and office of a servant, that we might be delivered from

the slavery of Satan, and that angels might be sent forth to minister for us, who are the heirs of salvation. Though he was the "fulness of him who fills all in all," he worked that we might not work, toiled, that we might rest; and endured hunger and thirst, that we might taste the hidden manna, eat the bread of life, and drink with him the mystic wine of his Father's kingdom.

J. FLETCHER.

O had the Tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy stock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but prostrate on the earth,
Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
And begged a heavenly for an earthly crown.

QUARLES.

Days and Hours.

"SO TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS, THAT WE MAY APPLY OUR HEARTS
UNTO WISDOM."—PSALM XC. 12.

So pass our fleeting days—and this again
Is gone to join the transitory train ;
Whilst night, the comforter of those who mourn,
Is making to our homes a quick return.
But thou, oh Lord our God, and thou alone,
Art as thou wast—the great unchanging one ;
Thou slumberest not nor sleepest—but to thee
The shades that close us round—as purest lustres be.

Resigned to thee this night, myself I give,
Whom should I fear, since in thy life I live ;
Partaker of thy grace, no creature ill
Nor death himself, my soul with dread shall fill ;
And were this night my last—oh Lord ! I pray
Lead by thy might, to heaven's eternal day !
In thee I live—and I am thine in death—
Redeemer, Lord ! be near, and help my latest breath !

C. F. NEANDER.

Now, is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time,
 Now, is the watchword of the wise, Now, is on the banner of the
 prudent.

Cherish thy to-day and prize it well, or ever it be gulphed into the
 past ;

Husband it, for who can promise, if it shall have a morrow ?

Behold, thou art,—it is enough ; that present care be thine ;

Leave thou the past to thy Redeemer, entrust the future to thy
 Friend ;

But for to-day, child of man, tend thou charily the minutes,

The harvest of thy yesterday, the seed-corn of thy morrow.

TUPPER.

With sense our conduct is at strife,
 We squander *Time*, yet cling to *Life*
 The rich material throw away,
 Yet would not shorten *Life* one day.

With zeal, with energy sublime,
 Mark how the *Saviour* valued *Time* !
 The work of centuries appears,
 Crowded within his three short years.

His great *Salvation* keep in view,
 But look at his *Example* too !

HANNAH MORE.

Happy are they who hear and obey the voice of Jesus to-day,
 while it is called to-day. To-morrow is uncertain. Death may be
 at the door, and at death, our state will be determined for eternity.

JOHN NEWTON.

The next thirteen days, he appears to have been continually in deep concern about the improvement of precious time ; and there are many expressions of grief that he improved time no better ; such as, " Oh what misery do I feel, when my thoughts rove after vanity, I should be happy if always engaged for God ! O wretched man that I am ! " &c. Speaks of his being pained with a sense of his barrenness, perplexed with his wanderings, longing for deliverance from the being of sin, mourning that time passed away, and so little was done for God, &c.

BR INERD.

How little can the life of any christian man be that disjointed, unmeaning thing, which in our conduct we seem often to consider it. It is indeed an undivided whole ; every hour has an influence on that which follows it ; and the great result of all is but the summing up of the influences which have filled our days. But of this we lose sight, because we do not use these opportunities of thought. Our minutes fly by us, and they seem to leave us for ever ; and we forget that it is the very wonder of our lives, that leave us they cannot ; that even as they seem to pass, they cling to us ; that they are taken up into our very selves, making us what they have been, more fit or more unfit for that unseen Presence—for that heavenly kingdom.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

Resurrection.

"BUT NOW IS CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD, AND BECOME THE FIRST-FRUIT OF THEM THAT SLEPT." "AND AS WE HAVE BORNE THE IMAGE OF THE EARTHY, WE SHALL ALSO BEAR THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY."—1 COR. XV. 20, 49.

Rise again ! yes, thou shalt rise again, my dust
After a short rest ;
Then, immortal life shall he
Whose own hand created thee,
Upon thee bestow.

Praise ye the Lord.

Yes, to rise and bloom again, shall I be sown ;
Then the Lord of harvest goes,
And he doth his sheaves enclose
And gathers mortals in.

Praise be to God.

Day of thanks, thou day of joy's bright tear !
Day of our God !
When I have slept my sleep beneath the sod,
Thy call shall wake me up.
Then we shall be like those that dream,
And in gladness,
With the Saviour we shall go,
All his pure delights to know ;

When each sadness
Weary pilgrims then shall find no more.

Now by the Redeemer led,
I into the holiest come,
In His kingdom
To possess the saint's bright home ;
To His glory whilst I raise
Notes of praise,
And behold His face unveiled.

KLOPSTOCK.

Perthes was a frequent and willing visitor at Klopstock's house, till his death in 1803. His funeral procession showed the respect in which the people of Altona and Hamburg held their fellow-citizen. As the body was borne from the church to the grave, a chorus of young girls sang "To rise again—yes, to rise again!" It was a moment of general emotion.

LIFE OF PERTHES.

The earth bears fruit in life and fruit in death—
A living world, a vast necropolis,
Old fabled ground of Jupiter and Dis—
Humanity the ground which buddeth breath,
Whose beauty in purer spirit vanisheth,
And passeth in that change to higher bliss.
The ripe tree drops its seed, which death's abyss
Taketh, and for new spring time nourisheth.
There is a common citizenship between
The dead and living—what they had, we have,
In this our hand-built city ; in that unseen,

Not made with hands, still live the good and brave,
There is no death—we do but shift the scene,
To take up our new freedom in the grave.

EAGLES.

Also Christ saith in the gospel, verily I say unto you, except the wheat-corn fall into the ground and die, it bideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. Here men may see by the words of Christ that it behoved that he died in the flesh, and that in his death was made the fruit of everlasting life for all them that believe on him, as it is written—for as by Adam all die, even so by Christ shall all live, and every man in his own order, for as one clearness is in the sun, another in the moon, and a star in clearness nothing in comparison to the sun, even so is the again rising of the dead men, for we be sown in corruption, and shall rise again incorruptible, we are sown in infirmity and shall rise again in virtue, we are sown in natural bodies, and shall rise again spiritual bodies.

WYCLIFFE.

“God sent his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh.” He was the portion of humanity, which like the first-fruits, was sanctified upon the altar of Divine justice, by the acceptance of which the whole mass was sanctified. The whole of that nature was morally qualified to be presented by faith to the Divine Being, an offering and a sacrifice “of a sweet smelling savor.” As by one man came death, so by one man came also the resurrection of the dead. By his resurrection he became the “first-fruits” of the human race. By him our nature is purged from that moral disqualification which would otherwise for ever have attached to it, but which is now entirely removed in consequence of the Father’s acceptance and approbation of this Divine sacrifice and substitute.

ROBERT HALL.

Melody.

Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.

CHORUS.

To thee sweet sleep and rest !
For from thy breast,
The woes of life that press earth's pilgrim down
Are past and gone :
See, on Time's border-land
'Tis thine to stand ;
When he whom no death conquers, in his hand
Taketh thy soul ;
And unto thee, freed spirit, unto thee,
Salvation comes ;—
Whilst thou before the throne dost praise triumphantly.
To make thee blest
In holy rest,
The Saviour died as thou,
And now to thee a rich reward he gives
To crown thy brow.

A VOICE.

Thou day of God art come—
When from this world
To thee I go, and make my spirit's home,
Thou Great I Am,
With thanks and praise and glory to thy name!
'Now in yonder blessed chorus,
To our God above, I sing,
For that Thou, Lord, unto judgment
Diddest not thy creature bring;
Father! Father!
For he trusted in thy wing.'

CHORUS.

Oh what light will then surround thee
In the burst of heavenly day;
All earth's shadows,
Earth's dark night is passed away;
Be thou blessed!
Twice amen, our spirits say.
Now softly rest
On Jesu's breast,
As he hath finished all for thee,
Jesus only
Makes thee clean from sin to be;
Whilst the band of brethren come—
Heavenly convoy!
To convey thee to thy home.

A VOICE.

Celestial light
Surrounds me quite
And the glorious day I see,
Such as never
Day on earth illumined me :
Now on heavenly heights appear
Kind instructors,
Who shall teach my listening ear ;—
There they stand in clear display
To my spirit ;
Weep not ! their's is bright array.
From light to light I soar—
Meanwhile the grave,
That garment which on earth I wore
Shall freely have ;
Its lawful prey that robe of dust shall be—
It did but fetter down and clog this spirit free.

CHORUS.

Yes, let us weep thee from our joyful band
Severed and gone,
At loss of whom a copious flood of tears
Might well flow on :
They go to sow thy dust but thou shalt rise
With that bright beam,—
Go to thy rest ! the Lord shall give thee place
To dwell with Him,

To rise again when that short day is done ;
Then mortal, shalt thou greet thy life's eternal sun !

KLOPSTOCK.

The city of God is full of most noble citizens, who are all sharers of the same blessedness. Their conversation also, being with wise and holy personages, shall much increase their joy. Every one shall then rejoice as much in the felicity of another as in his own ineffable joy. All these know God without error, behold him without end, praise him without weariness, love him without tediousness, and in his love, repose themselves in God. Besides all this, the glory and greatness of the empyrean heaven and the lustre of that celestial city shall infinitely delight the blessed citizens. When a servant of God enters into heaven he shall be received with divine music, all the blessed in heaven often repeating those words in the gospel ; well done, good servant and true, because thou hast been faithful in a few things, thou shalt be placed over much ; enter into thy Master's joy.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

According to his desire, most of the time that was spent with him, was spent in praise ; and he would be still calling out, "more praise still. Oh help me to praise him ; I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances ; I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently behold Christ himself, who died for me, and washed me in his blood ; I shall, before a few hours are over, be in eternity, singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst those who shall say,

Hallelujah ! salvation, glory, honour and power unto the Lord our God ; and again we shall say Hallelujah ! And yet a little while, and I shall sing unto the Lamb a song of praise, saying worthy art thou to receive praise, who wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation ; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign with thee for ever and ever."

JOHN JANEWAY.

Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere ; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun ; exulting yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a single worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion. O my sister, my sister, could you but know what awaits the Christian ; could you only know as much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles would be nothing ; you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations ; and like Paul and Silas, sing God's praise in the darkest night and the deepest dungeon.

DR. PAYSON.

Light.

A FRAGMENT.

Whence do thy holy well-springs bubbling rise
Sweet Light? the fountain where, of thy primeval birth?
Out of whose depths of waveless purity
Thy unquenched being comes!—Say, dost thou gush
Forth from the gates of heaven—the creature thou
Of him the first-begotten Son of God?
Art thou a breath of him originate,
Or of His throne art thou the reflex fair?
Before Jehovah's word had poured thee forth,
The silent depths of space were mantled round
With night's deep shade. He spake,—when from the
 heavens
In all its noiseless might poured forth a flood
That all the ancient realm of darkness made
Extinct and dead, engulfed in savage ire:
And now the host of stars exult with joy
And praise the Lord!—there rose the fount of light.

F. A. KRUMMACHER.

Let us contemplate that Divine Being, who raised—from nothing raised this stupendous system of things; and supports—with his word supports the magnificent frame. Who, to speak in the

language of his own spirit "openeth the eyelids of the morning, and commandeth the day-spring to know its place." Commandeth the light by its punctual and pleasing ministrations, to draw aside the curtain of darkness, and discover the skies shining with glories, and disclose the earth, blooming with beauties.

J. HARVEY.

Teach me thy love to know,
That this new light which now I see,
May both the work and workman shew :
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

G. HERBERT.

But what is light? is it not a combination of different rays,—the red, the orange, the yellow, the green, the blue, the indigo, and the violet? Some would think, perhaps, that they could make better light if they had the brilliant rays alone: but so think not I; I would have the due proportion of the sombre with the bright; and all in simultaneous motion: and then I think I should more resemble both the created and the uncreated light. At all events, this is my one ambition, to live with one Mary at my Saviour's feet, listening to his words (whilst others are cumbered about the world), and to die with the other Mary washing his feet with my tears, and wiping them with the hairs of my head.

CHARLES SIMEON.

“My soul thirsteth for the living God.”

Ask not thou my soul's transgression,
Seek not thou my hidden grief;
For the living God, my spirit
Thirsteth, till it find relief.

What though every earthly blessing
Round me flows, my cup to fill;
In his absence, poor and wretched
Roves my wandering spirit still.

Wealth and honours, pomp and pleasure,
Science, knowledge, beauty bright;
None can fill my heart's deep yearnings,
None can yield my spirit, might.

Strength for living, loving, suffering,
Joy and courage when we die,
Hearts content and meek endurance,
Can the Lord of life supply.

Painted forms of heathen worship,
 Gods that man's invention be,
Cannot soothe my spirit's anguish—
 All their stamp is vanity.

Thought can never reach her summit,
 Earth's ambition still must pall ;
What can fill the immortal being,
 What but God, our all in all.

When, oh when shall I behold him,
 And his face of glory see ;
Freed from earth's delusive shadows
 All my trust in him shall be.

When, oh when shall I possess him,
 Never more to leave his side,
Holding all the gifts and graces
 Which his promise has supplied ;

When shall all his Spirit's fulness
 Fit me in his courts to dwell,
When shall all my will be sated
 In his will ineffable :

When shall each desire that woos me
 In that one desire be lost,
To adorn his work and service,
 And to make his praise my boast.

Well I know the heart's deep yearnings
Shall not endless torment give,—
He who gave this thirst for glory,
He shall bid us drink and live.

SPITTA.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul ; I feel this is the grand secret for obtaining peace in a world of sin and sorrow. When the heart turns away from the confusions and disturbances to which it is continually exposed, and taking wing, flies to the bosom of God, when the voice of Christ walking in the night on the troubled waters, is heard—it is I, be not afraid ; this is peace ! And this, too, is his own direction for obtaining it :—In the world, ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace. Be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world.

RICHARD CECIL.

Let us beware of every thing which, under any promise, would take us out of ourselves and separate us from God. At such seasons let us even keep ourselves as free as may be from necessary business ; let us strive to hush our spirits into silence, that there may be nothing to intercept that voice which will speak to us if we wait for it ; let us fear lest we be led to seek for any other shelter of our spirits short of him their Lord, that so we may find ourselves to be alone with him, that he may frame and fashion us ; may mould our hearts as he will ; may purify, and enlighten, and soften, and strengthen, and deepen them by his presence in the cloud and mystery of sorrow. Let us remember alway who is smiting us, nor dare to look at our griefs but in the

light of his presence; lest looking at them alone, we be soured by their sharpness, or become fretful, or dull, or even desperate, and so reprobate. Let us cast ourselves upon the assurance of his love, even though it bear the semblance of the flame-breath of the furnace; and walk humbly with him, lest we mar or hinder the blessed purpose of his mercy towards us.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

De Morte reberendi viri D. Doctoris
Martini Lutheri.

Occidit omnigena venerandus laude Lutherus,
Qui Christum docuit non dubitante fide.
Ereptum deflet vero hunc Ecclesia luctu,
Cuius erat Doctor, verius imo pater.
Occidit Israel præstans auriga Lutherus,
Quem mecum sanus lugeat omnis homo.
Nunc luctumq suum lachrymoso carmine prodat,
Hoc etenim orbatos, flere, dolere, decet.

MELANCTHON.

On the Death of Luther.

Luther—his sun is set!—'tis ours to raise
To his revered remembrance, varied praise.
He preached his Saviour with unfaltering faith;
And the lorn church sincerely weeps his death.
Her Teacher he!—or rather his dear name
Does from her lips a Father's honour claim!
Fallen is our Israel's chariot-chieftain now!
Then let the wise their heads in sorrow bow:
Orphaned of him—'tis meet in tearful strain
To clothe our natural grief, and utter forth our pain.

Das Letzte Blatt.

So schliesst sich denn des kleinen Tempels Thür ;
Des Büchleins Blätter sind zu Ende hier.
Anbetung Gottes, Wahrheit stand auf ihnen,
Die Liebe zu dem Retter, der erschienen.
O Leser, jetzt an dich die ernste Frage :
Was steht im Buche deiner Lebenstage ?

Die Blätter dieses Büchleins hören auf—
Wie viele Blätter hat dein Lebenslauf ?
Weisst du es nicht ? Dann weine heut um Frieden :
Im Blute Gottes wird er dir beschieden.
Heisst die Beschreibung deines Lebens, Sünde ?
So flieh zum Kreuz, dass dich das Schwert nicht finde !

Dann hat auch süssen Harfenton dein Herz,
Unhörbar steigen Lieder himmelwärts ;
Dann auf des Lebens letztem Blatte stehet—
“ Ja komm, Herr Jesu ! ” und die Seele gehet
Zum Tempel, wo die rechten Harfentöne
Der Liebe klingen, hell, in ew'ger Schöne.

JULIUS KÖBNER.

The Last Leaf.

And now this little temple folds its door ;
So of this tiny tome the pages close ;
Worship of God and truth its hallowed lore,
Whilst love of Christ in golden letters glows.
Oh reader ! now to thee a close appeal,—
What does the book of thy life's-day reveal ?

Now does the course of these few pages cease,
How many show thy pilgrim journey there ?
Knowest thou it not ? then sue this day for peace
Through Jesu's blood, and he will grant thy prayer.
Say—of thy life, is sin the tablet-word ?
Fly to the cross then, and escape the sword !

So sweetest harp-tones shall thy soul engage,
And more than mortal songs salute the skies,
When graven stands upon thy life's last page—
“ Yes, come Lord Jesus ! ”—shall thy spirit rise
Up to that temple where those harp-tones pure,
Love's euphony of bliss—for ever shall endure.

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